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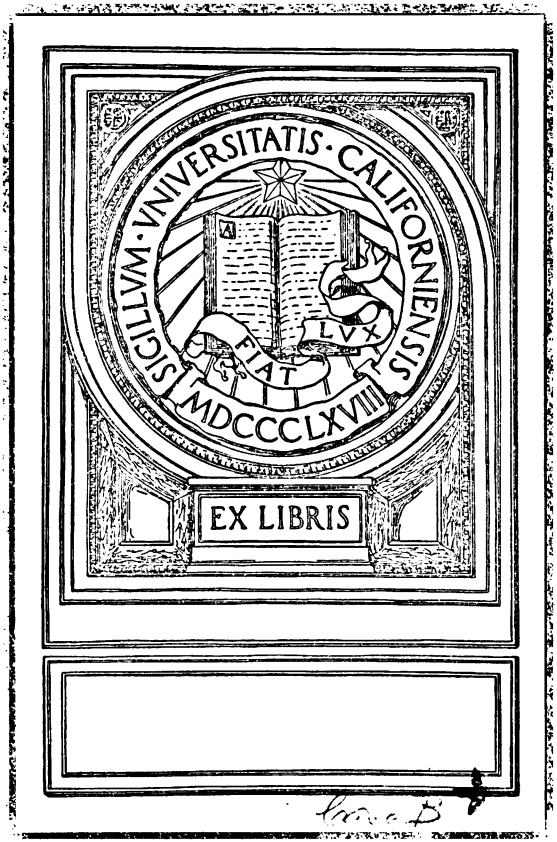

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

A True Roman Tragedie.

With the seuerall Songes in their apt places, by Valerius, the merrie Lord amongst the Roman Peeres.

Acted by her Maiesties Seruants at the Red Bull, neere Clarken-well.

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON
Printed for I. B. and are to be solde in Paules-Church-yard at the Signe of the Pide-Bull.
1608

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To the Reader.

I Thath beene no cuſtome in mee of all other men (curteous Readers) to commit my plaies to the preſſe: the reaſon, though ſome may attribute to my own inſufficiencie, I had rather ſubſcribe in that to their ſeueare cenſure, then by ſeeking to auoide the imputation of weakenes, to incurre a greater ſuſpition of honeſtie: for though ſome haue vſed a double ſale of their labours, firſt to the Stage, and after to the preſſe, For my owne part I heere proclaime my ſelfe euer faithfull in the firſt, and neuer guiltie of the laſt: yet ſince ſome of my plaies haue (vnknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers handes, and therfore ſo corrupt and mangled, (coppied onely by the eare) that I haue beene as vnable to know them, as aſhamde to chalenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furniſh out in his natiue habit: firſt beeing by conſent, next becauſe the reſt haue beene ſo wronged in beeing publiſht in ſuch ſauadge and ragged ornaments: accept it Curteous Gentlemen, and proone as fauourable Readers as wee haue found you gratious Auditors.

Yours *T. H.*

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Dramatis personæ.

1 *Seruius* King of Rome.
2 *Tarquin* The prowde.
3 *Tullia* Wife of *Tarquin Superbus*
4 *Arnus and* } the two Sonnes of
5 *Sextus* } Tarquin.
6 *Brutus Iunior*
7 *Collatinus*
8 *Horatius Cocles.*
9 *Mutius scenola.*
10 *Lucretius*
11. *Porsenna* King of the Tuscans
12. *Porsennaes* Secretarie
13. *Pub: Valerius.*
14. The priest of *Appolo.*
16. 2. Centinels.
17. *Lucretia* rauisht by *Sextus*
18. *Myrable.* *Lucretius* Maide
19. The Clowne.

The

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THE
Rape of Lucrece.

SENATE

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus, Tarquinus, Tullia, Arnus, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tullia Ithdraw, we must haue priuate confe-
With our deere husband. (rence
Tarq. What would'st thou wife?
Tullia Be what I am not, make thee greater
Then thou canst ay me to be. (farre
Tarqu. Why I am *Tarquin.*
Tul. And I am *Tullia*, what of that?
What *Diapasons* more in *Tarquins* name
Then in a Subiects? or what's *Tullia*
More in the sound, then to become the name
Of a poore Maide or waiting Gentlewoman?
I am a princesse both by birth and thoughts,
Yet al's but *Tullia*, there's no resonance
In a bare stile: my title beares no breadth,
Nor hath it any state, oh me, i'me sicke!
Tarq. Sick Lady?
Tul. Sick at heart.
Tarq. Why my sweete *Tullia*?
Tul. To be a Queene I long, long and am sicke
With ardence, my hot appetite's afire,
Till my swolne feruor be deliuered
Of that great Title Queene, my heart's al royal,
Not to be circumscribed in seruill bounds,
While there's a King that rules the Peeres of Rome.
Tarquin makes legs and *Tullia* curtesies lowe,
Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state
Without obeysance, oh! I hate this awe, my prowd heart cannot brooke it.

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Tar. Heare me wife.
Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had God made me man, I would haue mounted
Aboue the baſe tribunals of the earth,
Vp to the clowdes, for pompeous ſoueraintie,
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall minde,
Mount heauen and ſee if *Tullia* lag behinde,
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* ſo, then ſhould we both aſpire.
Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taſte of dulneſſe,
My ſoule is wingde: loe I ſoare as high as thine,
But note what flags our wings! fortie fiue yeares
The King thy father hath protected Roome.
Tul. That makes for vs: the people couet change,
Euen the beſt things in time grow teadious.
Tar. T'would ſeeme vnnaturall in thee my *Tullia*,
The reuerend King, thy Father to depoſe:
Tul. A kingdomes queſt, makes Sonnes and Fathers foes.
Tar. And but by *Seruius* fall we cannot climbe,
The balme that muſt annoynt vs is his blood.
Tul. Lets laue our browes then in that crimſon flood,
We muſt be bolde and dreadleſſe, who aſpires,
Mounts by the liues of Fathers, Sonnes, and Sires.
Tar. And ſo muſt I, ſince for a kingdomes loue,
Thou canſt deſpiſe a Father for a Crowne:
Tarquin ſhall mount *Seruius* be tumbled down
For he vſurpes my ſtate, and firſt depoſde,
My father in my ſwathed Infancye,
For which he ſhall be countant to his end.
I haue founded all the Peires and Senators,
and though vnknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They al imbrace my faction, and ſo they,
Loue change of ſtate, and new King to obey.
Tul. Now is my *Tarquin*, worthy *Tullias* grace
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.
Tar. The King ſhould merte this day in Parliament,
With all the Senates and Eſtates of Rome:
His place will I aſſume, and there proclaime,

All

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All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Florish*

Enter Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius, Valerius, Colatine and Senators.

Lucr. May it pleaſe thee Noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day within the high Capitol?

Tul. Attend?

Tarq. We intend this day to ſee the Capitoll,
You knew our father good *Lucretius*?

Lucre. I did my Lord.

Tar. Was not I his Sonne?
The Queene my Mother was of royall thoughts
and heart pure, as vnblemiſht Innocence.

Lucre. Why askes my Lord?

Tar. Sonnes ſhould ſucceede their fathers, but anon
You ſhall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Florish.*

Exeunt: manent Colatine and Valerius

Col. Theres morrall ſure in this, *Valerius*,
Heeres modell, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange meditations in the prouident braines
Of our graue Fathers: ſome ſtrange proiect liues
This day in Cradle thats but newly borne.

Vale. No doubt *Colatine* no doubt heeres a giddie world, it Reeles, it hath got the ſtaggers, the common-wealth is ſicke of an ague, of which nothing can cure her but ſome violent and ſuddaine affrightment.

Cola. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queene, nay on my life ſhe is with childe till ſhe be ſo.

Valer. and longes to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I deuine we ſhall ſee ſome ſcuffling to day in the Capitoll.

Cola. If there be any difference among the Princes and Senate, whoſe faction will *Valerius* follow?

Valer. Oh *Collatine*! I am a true Citizen, and in this I will beſt ſhew my ſelfe to be one, to take part with the ſtronger. If *Seruius* ore-come, I am Liegeman to *Seruius*, & if *Tarquin* ſubdue, I am for *Viue Tarquinius*.

Col. *Valerius*, no more, this talke does but keepe vs from the ſight of this ſolemnitie: by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll: come, we muſt attend. *Exeunt.*

Senate

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SENATE

Tarquin, Tullius, Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius one way, Brutus meeting them the other way very humerously.

Tar. This place is not for fooles, this parliament
assembles not the straines of Ideotisme:
Only the graue and wisest of the land:
Important are th' affaires wee haue in hand.
Hence with that mome.

Lucr. Brutus forbeare the presence.

Brut, Forbeare the presence, why pra'y?

Sext. None are admitted to this graue concourse,
But wise men: nay good *Brutus.*

Bru. Youle haue an emptie parliament then.

Arn. Heere is no roome for fooles.

Bru. Then what makst thou heere, or he or he? oh *Iupiter!* if this commaund be kept strictly, wee shall haue emptie benches: get you home you that are heere, for heere will be nothing to doe this day: a generall concourse of wise-men! tw'as neuer seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin,* if the general rule haue no exceptiõs, thou wilt haue an empty Consitory.

Tul. Brutus, you trouble vs.

Bru. How powerfull am I you renowned Deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, & women admitted! laugh Democritus, but haue you nothing to say to Madmen?

Tarq. Madmen haue heere no place.

Bru. Then out a dores with *Tarquin:* whats hee that may fit in a calme Valley, and will choose to repose in a tempestious mountaine, but a madman? that may liue in tranquilous pleasures, and will seeke out a kingdomes-cares, but a mad man? who would seeke innouation in a common-wealth in publike, or be ouer-ruld by a curst wife in priuat, but a foole or a mad-man? giue me thy hand *Tarquin,* shal we two be dismist together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his folly.

Tul. Driue the frantique hence.

Arnu. Nay *Brutus,*

Sex. Good

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Sex. Good *Brutus.*

Bru. Nay ſoft, ſoft: good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets haue a few colde words firſt, and I am gone in an inſtant: I claime the priuiledge of the nobilitie of Rome, and by that priuiledge my ſeate in the Capitol, I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitoll as *Brutus* thine, or thine *Lucretius*. Thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and baniſh al the Lords, frō the preſence, & youle haue few to wait vpon the King but Gentlemen: nay I am eaſily perſwaded then, hands off, ſince you will not haue my company you ſhal haue my roome:

My roome indeede, for what I ſeeme to be,
Brutus is not, but borne great Roome to free.
The ſtate is full of Dropſie, and ſwolne bigge
With windy vapors, which my ſword muſt pierce,
To purge th' infected blood: bred by the pride
Of theſe infeſted blouds, nay now I goe,
Beholde I vaniſh, ſince tis *Tarquins* minde,
One ſmall foole is, but great fooles leaues behinde. *Exit.*

Lucre. Tis pittie one ſo generouſly deriu'd
Should be depriu'd: his beſt induements thus,
And want the true directions of the ſoule.

Tar. To leaue theſe delatorie trifles, Lords,
Now to the publique buſineſſe of the Land,
Lords take your ſeuerall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin*, before the King aſſume his rgall (throane
Whoſe comming we attend.

Tulli. Hee's come already.

Lucr. The King.

Tar. The King:

Col. *Seruius.*

Tar. *Tarquinius*:

Lucr. *Seruius* is King.

Tar. It was by power diuine,
The Throane that long ſince hee vſurpt is mine.
Heere we enthroane our ſelues Cathedral ſtate,
Long ſince detain'd vs, iuſtly we reſume,
Then let our friendes, and ſuch as loue vs, crie
Liue *Tarquin* and enioy this ſoueraintie.

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Omnes. Liue *Tarquin* and enioy this ſoueraintie. *Floriſh.*

Ent. Valerius.

Val. The King himſelfe with ſuch conſiderate Peeres
As ſtoutly embrace his faction, being informde
Of Tarquins vſurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Tarq. No man giue place he that dares to ariſe
And doe him reuerence, we his loue deſpiſe.

Enter Seruius, Horatius, Seuo. Souldiers.

Ser. Traitor.

Ta. Vſurper.

Ser. Deſcend.

Tul. Sit ſtill.

Ser. In *Seruius* name, Roomes greate imperiall monarch
I charge thee *Tarquin* diſinthrone thy ſelfe.
and throw thee at our feete, proſtrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In Tarquins name, now Romes imperiall Monarch,
We charge thee *Seruius* make free reſignation,
Of that archt wreath, thou haſt vſurpt ſo long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shal this be brookt my Soueraigne?
Diſmount the Traitor.

Sex. Touch him he that dares.

Hor. Dares:

Tul. Dares?

Ser. Strumpet, no childe of mine.

Tul. Dotard, and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King?

Tul. Submit thou to thy Queene.

Ser. Inſufferable treaſon! with bright ſteele
Lop downe theſe interponents, that withſtand
The paſſage to our throane.

Hor. That *Coeles* dares.

Sex. We with our ſteele, guard *Tarquin* and this chaire.

Scen. A Seruius.

Arun. A Tarquin.

Tar. Now are we King, indeede our awe is builded

Vpon

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Vpon this royall baſe, and ſlaughtered body
Of a dead King? we by his ruine riſe
To a Monarchall Throane.
Tul. We haue our longing.
My fathers death giues me a ſecond life,
Match better thē the firſt, my birth was ſeruitud
But this new breath of reigne is large and free,
Welcome my ſecond life of Soueraintie.
Luer. I haue a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
Subiect to better temperature: ſhould my *Lucrece*,
Be of this pride, theſe handes ſhould ſacrifice
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell belowe,
The abortiue brat ſhould not out liue my ſpleene,
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.
Tul. Teare off the crowne, that yet empales the Temples
Of our vſurping Father: quickly Lords,
And in the face of his yet bleeding woundes,
Lets vs receiue our honours.
Tar. The ſame breath
Giues our ſtate life, that was the Vſurpers death.
Tul. Heere then by heauens hand we inueſt our ſelues:
Muſique, whoſe loftieſt tunes grace Princes crownde,
Vnto our Noble coronation ſound. *Floriſh*

Enter Valerius with Horatio and Scevola.

Targ. Whome doth Valerius to our ſtate preſent?
Val. Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
This Gent. cal'd *Mutius Scevola*,
Who whilſt King *Sernius* wore the Diadem,
Vp held his ſway and Prince-dome by their loues:
But he being ſlaine, ſince all the Peeres of Rome
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his ſoueraintie,
They with like ſuffrage greet your coronation.
Hor. This hand alyde vnto the Roman Crowne,
Whome neuer feare deiected or caſt low,
Laies his victorious ſword at *Tarquins* feete,
And proſtrates with his ſword, allegiance.

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King *Seruius* life we lou'd, but he expirde,
Great *Tarquins* life, is in our hearts deſirde.
Ser. Why? whilſt he rules with Iuſtice and integritie,
Shall with our dreadles hands, our hearts commaund,
Euen with the beſt imployment of our liues,
Since fortune lifts thee, we ſubmit to fate,
Our ſelues are vaſſailes to the Roman ſtate.
Tarq. Your roomes were emptie in our traine of frien
Which we reioyce to ſee ſo wel ſupplyde:
Receiue our grace, liue in our clement fauours,
In whoſe ſubmiſſion our young glorie growes
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly traine,
And ſtrengthen with your loues our Infant raigne.
Hor. We liue for *Tarquin.*
Ser. And to thee alone, whilſt Iuſtice keepes thy Sword & thou thy Throane.
Tar. Then are you ours, and now conduct vs ſtreight,
In triumph through the populous ſtreetes of Rome,
To the Kings Pallace our maieſticke ſeate:
Your hearts though freely profferd we entreate.
Sennat, as they march Tullia treades on her father and ſtaies.
Tullia. What block is that we treade on?
Lucr. Tis the body
Of your deceaſed Father Madam, Queene
Your ſhoe is crimſend with his vitall bloud.
Tul. No matter, let his mangled body lye,
and with his baſe confederates ſtrew the ſtreetes,
That in diſgrace, of his vſurped pride,
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:
For mounted like a Queene, twould doe me good
To waſh my Coach-nailes in my fathers blood.
Lucre. Heer's a good Childe.
Tarq. Rremoue it, we commaund, and beare his carkaſſe to (the funerall pile
Where afte this direction, let it haue
His ſolemne and due obſequies faire *Tullia,*
Thy hate to him growes from thy loue to vs.
Thou ſhewſt thy ſelfe in this vnnaturall ſtrife,
an vnkinde Daughter, but a louing wife.

But

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But on vnto our Pallace this bleſt day,
A Kings encreaſe, growes by a Kings death. *Exeunt.*

Brutus alone.

Bru. Murder the King, a high and capitall treaſon,
Thoſe Giants that wagde war againſt the Gods,
For which ore-whelmed Mountaines hould by Ioue,
To ſcatter them, and giue timeleſſe Graues,
Was not more cruell then this butcherie.
This ſlaughter made by *Tarquin*, but the Queene
A woman, fie, fie, did not this ſhee parracide,
ad to her fathers wounds: and when his body
Lay all beſmeard and ſtaind in the blood royall,
Did not this Monſter, this infernate hagge
Make her vnwilling, Chariater driue on,
and with his ſhod wheeles creſh her Fathers bones,
Breake his craz'd ſcull, and daſh his braines
Vpon the pauements, whilſt ſhe hold the raines?
The affrighted Sunne, at this abhorred obiect,
Put on a maske of blood, and yet he bluſht not,
Ioue art thou iuſt, haſt thou reward for pietie?
and for offence no vengance? or canſt punniſh
Fellons, and pardon Traitors, chaſtice murdrers,
and winke at parracides? If thou be worthy
as well we know thou art, to fill the Throane
Of all eternitie, then with that hand
That flings the triſalitie thunder, let the pride
Of theſe our Irreligious monarkiſers
Be crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,
To ſee ſin froliqu, and the vertuous ſad.

Enter Sextus and Arnus.

Arn. Soft, heere's *Brutus*, let vs acquaint him with the newes.

Sex. Content, now Couſen Brutus:

Bru. Who I your kinſman? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins*, yet no couſen, gentle princes.

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Arn. And why so *Brutus*, scorne you our allyance?

Brut. No, I was couſen to the *Tarquins*, when they were ſubiects, but dare claime no kindred, as they are ſoueraignes: *Brutus* is not ſo mad though he be merrie, but hee hath wit enough to keepe his head on his ſhoulders.

Arn. Why doe you my Lord thus looſe your houres, and neither profeſſe warre nor domeſtique profit? the firſt might beget you loue, the other ritches.

Brn. Becauſe I would liue: haue I not anſwered you becauſe I would liue? fooles and Mad-men are no rubes in the way of Vſurpers: the firmament can brook but one Sunne, and for my part I muſt not ſhine: I had rather liue an obſcure black, then appeare a faire white to be ſhot at, the end of all is, I would liue: had *Seruius* bin a ſhrub, the winde had not ſhooke him, or a mad-man hee had not periſht: I couet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keep life and ſoule together, I would but liue.

Arn. You are to ſatyricall couſen *Brutus*, but to the purpoſe: the King dreamt a ſtrange ominous dreame laſt night, and to be reſolu'd of the euent, my brother *Sextus* and I muſt to the Oracle.

Sext. And becauſe we would bee well accompained, wee haue got leaue of the King that you *Brutus* ſhall aſſociate vs, for our purpoſe is to make a merrie iourney on't.

Brn. So youle carrie me along with you to be your foole, & make you merrie.

Sex. Not our foole, but———

Brut. To make you merrie: I ſhall, nay, I will make you merrie, or tickle you till you laugh, the Oracle ile goe to bee reſolu'd ſome doubts priuate to my ſelfe: nay Princes, I am ſo much endeerd both to your loues and companies, that you ſhall not haue the power to be ridde of mee, what limits haue we for our iourney?

Sext. Fiue daies: no more.

Brn. I ſhal fit me to your preperation, but one thing more, goes *Colatine* along?

Sext. Col.

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Sex. *Collatine* is troubled with the common diſeaſe of all new married men, hee's ſick of the wife, his excuſe is forſooth that *Lucrece* wil not let him goe, but you hauing neither wife nor wit to hould you, I hope will not diſapoint vs.

Bru. Had I both, you ſhould preuaile with me aboue a nother.

Arnus We ſhall expect you.

Bru. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scenola* are not engadge in this expedition,

Arnus No they attend the King, farwell.

Bru. *Lucretius* ſtayes at home to, and *Valerius*.

Sext. The Pallace cannot ſpare them,

Bru. None but we three?

Sex. We three.

Bru. We three, well fiue dayes hence.

Sex. You haue the time, farwell.

Exeunt Sextus & Arnus

Bru. The time I hope for cannot be conſcribde,
Within ſo ſhort a limit, Rome and I
Are not ſo happy, what's the reaſon then
Heauen ſpares his rod ſo long? *Mercury* tell me:
I hat'e: the fruite of pride is yet but greene,
Not mellow, though it grow s apace, it comes not
To his ful height: *Ione* oft delayes his vengeance,
That w hen it haps t'may prooue more terrible.
Diſpaire not *Brutus* then but let thy country
And thee take this laſt comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruite is ripe muſt rot and fall.
But to the Oracle. *Exit.*

Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scenola.

Hora. I would I were no Roman.

Scen. *Cocles* why?

Hora I am diſcontented & dare not ſpeake my thoughts,

Scen. What, ſhall I ſpeake them for you?

Hora. *Mutius* doe.

Scen.

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Sceno. *Tarquin* is proude.
Hora. Thou haſt them.
Sceno. Tiranous.
Hora. True.
Sceno. Inſufferable lofty.
Hora. Thou haſt hit me.
Sceno. And ſhall I tell thee what I prophefie
Of his ſucceeding rule?
Hora. Noe Ile dooe't for thee, *Tarquins* abilitie will in the
Beget a weake vnable impotence: (weale,
His ſtrength, make Rome and our dominions weake,
His ſoaring high make vs to flag our winges,
And fly cloſe by the earth, his golden feathers,
Are of ſuch Vaſtnes that they ſpread like ſailes,
And ſo becalme vs that we haue not ayre, (Elements.
Able to raiſe our plumes, to taſte the pleaſures of our owne
Sceno. We are one harte, our thoughts & our deſires are
ſutable.
Hora. Since he was King he beares him like a God,
His wife like *Pallas* or the wife of *Ione*,
Will not be parlied without ſacrifice,
And homage ſole due to the deities.

Enter Lucretius.

Sceno. What haſt with good *Lucretius*,
Lucre. Haſt ſmall ſpeede,
I had an earneſt ſute vnto the King,
About ſome buſines that concernes the weale
Of Rome, and vs twi'l not be liſtned to,
He has took e vppon him ſuch ambitious ſtate,
That he abandons conference with his Piers,
Or if he chance to heare our tongus ſo much,
As but to heare their ſummons he deſpiſes,
The intent of all our ſpeeches, our aduiſes,
And counſell: thinking his owne iudgement only,
To be aprooued in matters military,
And in affaires domeſticke we are but ſhonts,
And fellowes of no partes, viols vnſtrung,
Our notes to harſh to ſtrike in princes eares,
Great *Ione amend* it,

Hora.

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Horat. VVhither will you my Lord?
Lucr. No matter where if frō the court, I'le home to *Collatine*,
And to my daughter *Lucrece*, home breedes safety,
Dangers begot in Court, a life retierd
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scevola*,
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,
VVhere industrie is scornd lets welcome sloth. *Enter Collatine.*
Horat. Nay good *Lucretius* do not leaue vs thus,
See here comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?
How does he tast these times.
Collat. Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swoln eies, Not laughing like
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here, (*Mutius Scevola.*
He has vsurpt a stranger garbe of humour,
Distinct from these in natures euery way.
Lucret. How is he relisht can his eies forbeare,
In this strange state to shed a passionate teare,
Can he forbeare to laugh with *Scevola*,
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend.
Horat. Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholy
To see these dangerous passages of state,
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?
Collat. Strangely, he is all song, hees ditty all,
Note that, *Valerius* hath giuen vp the Court
And weand himselfe from the kings consistory
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,
VVhether it be that he is discontent
Yet would not so appeare before the king
Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,
VVhich so distast the people, or what cause,
I know not, but now hee's all musicall.
Vnto the counsell chamber he goes singing,
And whilest the king his wilfull edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull saue the kings,
Hee's in a corner, relishing strange aires.
Conclusiuely he's frō a toward hopefull gentleman
Transeshapt to a meere balleter, none knowing
VVhence should proceed this transmutation. *Enter Valerius.*

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Horat. See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius.*

Lucret. Morrow my Lord,

The first Song.

Valer. When Tarquin *first in Court began,*
And was approued King:
Some men for sodden ioy gan weepe,
And I for sorrow sing.

Scæuol. Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*
Put on his straine of mirth, or whats the cause?

The second Song.

Valer. Let humor change and spare not,
Since Tarquins *proud I care not:*
His faire words so bewitch my delight,
That I dote on his sight.
Now all is gone new desires embraceing,
And my deserts disgracing.

Horat. Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-sicke,
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a states-man,
Of whom the publique weale deseru'd so well
Tune out his age in songs and Cansonets,
Whose voyce should thunder counsell in the eares
Of *Tarquin*, and proud *Tullia*? thinke *Valerius*
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee
Quite out of tune.

The third Song.

Valer. Now what is loue I pray thee tell,
It is the fountaine and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps the sansing bell,
That rings all in to heauen or hell:
And this is loue, and this is loue, as I heare tell.
Now what is loue I pray you shew,
A thing that creepes and cannot goe:
A prise that passeth to and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for moe,
And he that proues shall find it so,
And this is loue, and this is loue, sweet friends I tro.

Lucrece

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Lucre. Valerius I ſhall quickly change thy cheere,
And make thy paſſionate eyes lament with mine,
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinſman King
Was butchered in the marble capitoll.
Shall *Seruius Tullius* vnregarded die
Alone of thee, whome all the Romaine Ladies,
Euen yet with teare-ſwolne eyes, and ſorrowful ſoules
Compaſſionate, as well he merited;
To theſe lamenting dames what canſt thou ſing?
Whoſe greefe through all the Romaine Temples ring.

The fourth Song.

Valer. *Lament Ladies lament*
Lament the Roman land,
The King is fra thee hent,
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gangn ito the Kirke,
His dead corpes wele embraſe,
And when we ſee ha dean
We an will cry alaſſe. Fala la lero la
Tarara ra roun tarre &c.

Horat. This muſick mads me, I all mirth diſpiſe.
Lucr. To heare him ſing drawes riuers from his eyes.
Scenola. It pleaſeth me, for ſince the Court is harſh,
And lookes as kaunce on ſouldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies, ſing, drinke, dance, and euery man
Get him a miſtris, coach it in the Country,
And taſt the ſweets of it, what thinks *Valerius*,
Of *Scenolous* laſt councell?

The fift Song.

Valer. Why ſince we ſouldiers cannot proue,
And greefe it is to vs therefore,
Let euery man get him a loue,
To trim her vp, and fight no more.
That we may taſt of louers bliſſe,
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kiſſe,
That Ladies may ſay, ſome more of this,
That Ladies may ſay, ſome more of this.

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Since Court and Country both grow proud,
And safety you delight to heare,
Wee in the Country will vs shroud,
Where liues to please both eye and eare:
The Nightingale sings lug, lug, lug,
The little Lambe leaps after his dug,
And the prety milke-maids they looke so smug,
And the prety milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scenola*, shall we goe and beidle?
Lucr. Ile in to weep.
Horat. But I my gall to grate.
Scæu. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they. Manet Collatine.

Colat. Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scenola*,
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,
And so doe's thy soule weep, *Valerius*,
Although thy habit sing, for these new humors
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,
None great in loue, in counsell or opinion
Can be kept safe: this makes me lose my houres
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my Lord and master out of all bad company.

Collat. Sirra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Campe-newes, City newes or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?

Collat. Let me know all the newes.

Clown. The newes at Court is, that a small legge and a silke stockin are in fashion for your Lord: And the water that god *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heauinesse of the kings wine makes many a light head, and the emptines of his dishes manie full bellies, eating & drinking was neuer more in

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in vſe, you ſhall find the baddeſt legs in bootes, and the worſt faces in maskes. They keep their old ſtomakes ſtill, the kings good Cook hath the moſt wrong: for that which was wont to be priuate only to him, is now vſurpt among all the other officers: for now euery man in his place to the preiudice of the maſter Cooke, makes bold to licke his owne fingers.

Col. The newes in the Campe.

Clo. The greateſt newes in the camp is, that there is no newes at all, for being no camp at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city.

Clo. The Senators are rich, their wiues faire, credit growes cheap and trafficke deare, for you ha many that are broke, the pooreſt man that is, may take vp what he will, ſo he will be but bound to a poſt, till he pay the debt: There was one Courtier, lay with twelue mens wiues in the ſuburbs, and preſſing further to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with the maner, had nothing to ſay for himſelfe, but this, he that made twelue made thirteene.

Col. Now Sir for the Country.

Clo. There is no newes there but at the Ale-houſe, ther's the moſt receit, and is it not ſtrange my Lord, that ſo many men loue ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clo. Why ale is a kind of iuice, made of the pretious grain called Malt: & what is Malt? Malt's M A L T. and what is M A L T M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, all is, much ale's, little thrift.

Col. Onely the newes at home, and I haue done.

Clo. My lady muſt needes ſpeake with you about earneſt buſines, that concernes her neerly, and I was ſent in all haſt to entreat your Lordſhip to come away,

Col. And couldeſt thou not haue told me *Lucrece* ſtay,
And I ſtand trifling here fellow away.

Clo. I Mary ſir, the way into her were a way worth following, and thats the reaſon that ſo many ſeruing-men that are familiar with their miſtreſſes, haue loſt the name of Seruitors, and

and are now called their Maiſters followers. Reſt you merry. *Sound Muſicke.*

Apolloes Prieſts with Tapers, after them, Arans, Sextus, and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.

Prieſt. O thou ſacred God enſpire
The Prieſts, and with celeſtiall fire
Shot from thy beames, crowne our deſire,
That we may follow.
In theſe thy true and hallowde meaſures,
The vtmoſt of thy heauenly treaſures
According to the thoughts and pleaſures
Of great *Apollo.*
Our hearts with inflammations burne
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne
Till from thy Temple we returne
With ſome glad tidings.
Then tell vs, ſhall great Rome be bleſt
And roiall *Tarquin* liue in reſt,
That giues his high Ennobled breſt
To thy ſafe guiding?

Oracle. Then Rome her ancient honours wins
When ſhe is purgd from *Tullins* ſins.

Brutus. Gramercies *Phœbus* for theſe ſpelles,
Phœbus alone alone excelles.

Sextus. Tullus perhaps find in our granſiers death
And hath not yet by reconcilement made
Attone with *Phœbus*, at whoſe ſhrine we kneele.
Yet gentle Prieſt let vs thus farre preuaile,
To know if *Tarquins* ſeed ſhall gouerne Rome
And by ſucceſſion claime the Roiall wrath.
Behold me yonger of the *Tarquins* Race
This elder *Arans* both the ſons of *Tullus.*
This *Iunius Brutus* though a mad-man yet,
Of the high bloud of *Tarquins.*

Prieſt. *Sextus* peace. Tell vs O thou that ſhin'ſt ſo bright
From whom the world receiues his light,
VVhoſe abſence is perpetuall night,
whoſe praiſes ring.

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Is it with heauens applauſe decreed,
VVhen *Tarquins* ſoule from earth is freed
That noble *Sextus* ſhall ſucceed
In Rome as king.

Brut. I Oracle haſt thou loſt thy tongue?

Arun. Tempt him againe faire Prieſt.

Sext. If not as king, let Delphian *Phœbus* yet
Thus much reſolue me who ſhall gouerne Rome,
Or of vs three, beare greateſt preheminence.

Prieſt. *Sextus* I will, yet ſacred *Phœbus* we entreat.
VVhich of theſe three ſhall be great
Which largeſt power and ſtate repleat
by the heauens doome.
Phœbus thy thoughts no longer ſmother.

Oracle. He that firſt ſhall kiſſe his mother
Shall be powerfull and no other
Of you three in Rome.

Sext. Shall kiſſe his mother. *Brutus falles.*

Brut. Mother earth to thee an humble kiſſe I tender.

Arun. VVhat meanes *Brutus*?

Brut. The bloud of the ſlaughtred ſacrifice made this flore as ſlippry as the place where *Tarquin* treades, tis glaſſy and as ſmoth as yce: I was proud to heare the Oracle ſo gracious to the bloud of the *Tarquins* and ſo I fell.

Sext. Nothing but ſo, then to the Oracle.
I charge thee *Arunt*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,
To keep the ſacred doome of the Oracle
From all our traine, leſt when the yonger lad
Our brother now at home ſits dandled
Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this vnderſtanding
May kiſſe our beauteous Mother and ſucceed.

Arun. Let the charge go round,
It ſhall go hard but Ile preuent you *Sextus*.

Sext. I feare not the madman *Brutus*, & for *Arunt* let me alone to buckle with him, I'le bee the firſt at my mothers lips for a kingdome.

Brut. If the mad-man had not beene before you *Sextus*, if Oracles be Oracles, their phraſes are myſticall, they ſpeake ſtill in

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cloudes: had he meant a naturall mother he would ha ſpoke it by circumference.

Sext. Tullia, if euer thy lips were pleaſing to me, let it be at my returne from the Oracle.

Arunt. It a kiſſe will make me a king, *Tullia* I will ſpring to thee, though through the bloud of *Sextus*.

Brut. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy ſonne, and I ſhall ſhine as bright in Rome as *Apollo* himſelfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sextus. Our ſuperſtitions ended, ſacred Prieſt,
Since we haue had free anſwer from the Gods,
To whoſe faire altars we ha done due right
And hallowed them with preſents acceptable,
Lets now returne, treading theſe holy meaſures,
VVith which we entred great *Apolloes* temple.
Now *Phœbus* let thy ſweet tun'd organs ſound,
VVhoſe ſpherelike muſicke muſt direct our feet
Vpon the marble pauement: after this
VVeele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kiſſe. *Exeunt.*

Senat.

A table and Chaires prepared; Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine, Scaeuola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.

Tarquin. Attend vs with your perſons, but your eares
Be deafe vnto our counſels. *The Lords fall off on either ſide and attend.*

Tullia. Further yet.

Tarqu. Now *Tullia* what muſt be concluded next?

Tullia. The kingdome you haue got by policy
You muſt maintaine by pride.

Tarq. Good *Tullia*.

Tullia. Thoſe that were late of the Kings faction
Cut off for feare they proue rebellious.

Tarq. Better.

Tullia. Since you gaine nothing by the popular loue,
Maintaine by feare your princedome.

Tarq. Excellent, thou art our Oracle, and ſaue from thee
VVe will admit no counſell, we obtaind
Our ſtate by cunning, t'muſt be kept by ſtrength.
And ſuch as cannot loue, weele teach to feare,

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To encourage which vpon a better iudgement,
And to ſtrike greater terror to the world.
I ha forbid thy fathers funerall.
Tul. No matter.
Tarq. All capitall cauſes are by vs diſcuſt,
Trauerſt and executed without counſell.
We challenge too by our prerogatiue,
The goods of ſuch as ſtriue againſt our ſtate,
The freeſt citizens without attaint,
Arraigne or iudgment we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our pray,
And ſuch as dare not ſtriue our rul eobey.
Tul. Kings are as Gods, and diuine ſcepters beare,
The Gods command for mortall tribute feare.
But royall Lord, we that deſpiſe thir loue,
Muſt ſeeke ſome meanes how to maintaine this awe
Tarq. By forrenie leagues, & by our ſtrength abroad,
Shall we that are degreed aboue our people,
Whom heauen hath made our vaſſals reigne with them?
No kings aboue the reſt tribunald hie
Should with no meaner, then with kings ally:
For this we to *Mamilius Tuſculan*
The Latine King ha giuen in mariage
Our royall daughter: now his peoples ours,
The neighbour princes are ſubdude by armes:
And whom we could not conquer by conſtraint
Them ha we ſought to winne by courteſie,
Kings that are proud, yet would ſecure their owne,
By loue abroad, ſhall purchaſe feare at home.
Tullia. We are ſecure, then yet our greateſt ſtrength
Isin our children: how dare treaſon looke?
Vs in the face, hauing iſſue, barren princes
Breed danger in their ſingularity
Hauing none to ſucceed, their clame dies with them:
But when in topping on three *Tarquins* more,
Like *Hydraes* heads grow to reuenge his death,
It terrifies blacke treaſon.
Tarq. *Tullia's* wife, and apprehenſiue, were our prinely ſons

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Sextus and *Arons* back returned safe,
With an applausiue answer of the Gods,
From th'oracle, our state were able then,
Being Gods our selues, to scorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Arons and Brutus.

Sext. Wher's *Tullia*?
Arun. Where's our mother?
Her. Yonder princes at Counsell with the king.
Tul. Our sons return'd.
Sext. Roiall mother.
Arun. Renowned Queene.
Sex. I loue her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.
Arons. Being eldest in my birth i'le not be yongest
In zeale to *Tullia*.
Brut. Too't lads.
Arun. Mother a kisse.
Sext. Though last in birth, let me be first in loue.
A kisse faire mother.
Arun. Shall I lose my rihgt?
Sex. *Arons* Shal downe were *Arons* twice my brother
If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.
Ar. I *Sextus*, thinke this kisse to be a crowne, thus wold we tug (for.
Sext. *Arons* thou must downe.
Tarq. Restraine them Lords.
Br. Nay to't boies, ô tis braue, they tug for shadowes, I the substance haue.
Arun. Through armed gates, and thousand swords il'e breake
To shew my duty let my valour speake.

Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.

Sext. Oh heauens ye haue dissolu'd me.
Arn. Here I stand, what I ha done to answer with this hand.
Sex. Oh all you *Delphian* Gods looke downe and see,
How for these wrongs I will reuenged be.
Tar. Curb in the proud boyes fury: let vs know
From whence this discord riseth.
Tul. From our loue, how happy are we in our issue now,
When as our sons | euen with their blouds cõtend,
To exceed in duty we accept your zeale,

This,

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This your ſuperlatiue degree of kindnes
So much preuailes with vs, that to the king
We engage our owne deere loue twixt his incenſement,
And your preſumption, you are pardond both.
And *Sextus* though you faild in your firſt proffer,
We do not yet eſteeme you leaſt in loue, aſcend & touch our lips
Sext. Thanke you, no.
Tul. Then to thy knee we will deſcend thus low,
Sex. Nay now it ſhall not need: how great's my heart!
Ar. In *Tarquins* crowne thou haſt now loſt thy part.
Sex. No kiſſing now *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew:
Arunt On earth we ha no foe but you. *Exit.*
Tarq. What meanes this their vnnaturall emnity?
Tul. hate borne from loue.
Tarq. Reſolue vs then, how did the Gods accept
Or ſacrifice, how are they pleaſd with vs.
How long will they applaud our ſoueraignty?
Brut. Shall I tell the king.
Tarq. Do Coſen, with the proceſſe of your iorny.
Brut. I will. We went from hither, when we went from hẽce arriued thither when we landed there, made an end of our praiers when we had done our Oriſons, when thus quoth *Phabus*, *Tarquin* ſhall be happy whileſt he is bleſt, gouerne while he raignes, wake when he ſleeps not, ſleepe when he wakes not, quaffe when he drinkes, eate when he feedes, gape when his mouth opens, liue till he die, and die when he can liue no longer. So *Phabus* commends him to you.
Tarq. Mad *Brutus* ſtill, Son *Arunt* What ſay you.
Arun. That the great Gods to whom the potent king
Of this large Empire, ſacrific'd by vs.
Applaud your raigne, commend your ſoueraignty:
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long daies, faire hopes, Maieſtique gouernment.
Brut. Adding withall, that to depoſe the late king, which in others, had bin arch treaſon, in *Tarquin* was honour: what in *Brutus* had beene vſurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawful ſucceſſions and for *Tullia*, though it be parricide for a child to kil her father, in *Tullia* it was charitie by death.

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To rid him of all his calamities, *Phœbus* himſelefe, ſaid ſhe, was a
good child, and ſhall not I ſay as he ſaies, to tread vpon her fa-
thers skull, ſparkle his braines vpon her chariot wheele,
And weare the ſacred tincture of his bloud
Vpon the ſeruile ſhoe? but more then this,
After his death deny him the due claime
Of all mortality, a funerall,
An earthen ſepulcher: this this, quoth the Oracle,
Saue *Tullia* none would doe.

Tul. *Brutus* no more, leſt with our ſurpaſt eies of wrath & fury
We looke into the humour, were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priuilege
Euen in thy laſt reproofe of our proceedings
Thou hadſt pronounc't thy death.

Brut. If *Tullia* will ſend *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after
at his returne not endure the telling of it, let *Tullia* either get
cloſer eares, or get for *Brutus* a ſtricter tongue God boye. *Exit.*

Tarq. Alas tis madnes, pardon him, not ſpleene,
Nor is it hate, but frenſie, we are pleaſde
To heare the Gods propitious at our prayers.
But whithers *Sextus* gone? reſolue vs *Ioclet*,
We ſaw thee in his parting follow him.

Hor. I heard him ſay, he would ſtraight take his horſe
Vnto the warlike Gabines enemies.

Tarq. To Rome and you ſaue them we haue no oppoſites.
And dares the boy, confederate with our foes?
Attend vs Lords, we muſt new battels wage,
And with brght armes confront the proud boyes rage. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.

Hor. Had I as many ſoules as drops of bloud
In this brancht vaines, as many liues as ſtarres
Stucke in yond azare roofe, and were to dy
More deathes then I ſee waſted weary minuts
To grow to this, Ide hazard all, and more,
To purchaſe freedome to this bondag'd Rome (fight.
I'me vext to ſee this virgin conquereſſe weare ſhackles in my

Luc. Oh would my teares would rid great Rome of theſe pro-
(digious feares

Brut.

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Enter Brutus.

Brut. What weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible now Lords, Ladies, friends, fellows, yong madcap, gallats & old courtly ruffins, al subiects vnder one tirany, & therfore shold be partners of one & the same vnanimity. Shall we go single our selues by two & two, & go talke treason? then tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be cal d to question: Or shals go vse some violent bustling to breake through this thorny seruitude, or shall we euery man go sit like a man in desperation, and with *Lucretius* weep at Romes misery: now am I for all things, any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scenola*, weep with this good old man, sing *oh home home* with *Valerius*, fret with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, neutrize with *Collatine*. Say what shal's do?

Hor. fret. *Val.* Sing. *Luc.* Weepe. *Scen.* Laugh. (still sad.

Brut. Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* stil raigneth, Romes

Col. You are madmen all that y eeld so much topassion.
You lav your selues too open to your enemies,
That would be glad to prie into your deedes.
And catch aduantage to ensnare our liues.
The kings feare like a shadow dogs you still,
Nor can you walke without it: I commend
Valerius most, and noble *Scenola*
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,
By my consent lets all weare out our houres
In harmles sports, hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke
So shall we seeme offenseles & liue safe. (daunce
In dangers bloudy iawes where being humerous
Cloudy and curiously inquisitiue.
Into the kings proceedings there armde feare
May search into vs, call our deedes to question,
And so preuent all future expectation:
Of wilht amendment let vs stay the time,
Till heauen haue made them ripe for iust reuenge,
When opportunitie is offred vs.
And then strike home, till then do what you please:
No discontented thought my mind shall cease.

Brut. I am of *Collatines* minde. Now *Valerius* sing vs a baudy and makes merry, nay it shall be so. (song.

Valer.

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Valer. *Brutus* ſhall pardon me.

Scen. The time that ſhould haue been ſeriouſly ſpent in the State-houſe, I ha learnt ſecurely to ſpend in a wenching houſe, and now I profeſſe my ſelfe any thing but a Stateſ-man.

Hor. the more thy vanity. *Luc.* The leſſe thy honour.

Valer. The more his ſafety, and the leſſe his feare.

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now let vs be merry Lords, *Horatius* maugree thy melancholy, and *Lucretius* in ſpight of thy ſorrow, Ile haue a ſong a ſubiect for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullias* cruelty.

Brut. Dangerous, no.

Luer. The tyrannies of the Court, & the vaſſalage of the City.

Scen. Neither ſhall I giue the ſubiect. (Rome.

Br. Do, & let it be of all the prety wenches in the Suburbs of

Scen. It ſhall, it ſhall, ſhall it *Valerius*? (conuerſance.

Val. Any thing, according to my poore acquaintance, & little

Brut. Nay you ſhall ſtay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* ſo ſhall you, he remoues himſelfe from the loue of *Brutus*, that ſhrinkes from my ſide til we haue had a ſong of all the prety ſuburbians: ſit round. when *Valerius*?

The ſixt Song.

Valer. *Shall I wooe the lonely* Molly,
Shee's ſo faire, ſo fat, ſo iolly,
But ſhe has a tricke of folly,
Therefore ile ha none of Molly. *No no no, no no no.*
Ile haue none of Molly *no no no.*
Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and ſoft as ielly,
But too well ſhe loues her belly,
therfore ile haue none of Nelly. *No no &c.*
What ſay you to bonny Betty,
Ha you ſeene a laſſe ſo pretty?
But her body is ſo ſweety
Therefore ile ha none of Bety. *No no no, &c.*
When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of melancholy,
Oh that wench is peſtilent holy,

The-

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Therefore ile haue none of Dolly. *No no no, &c.*
I could fancie louely Nanny,
But she has the loues of many,
Yet her selfe she loues not any,
Therefore ile haue none of Nanny, *No no no, &c.*
In a flax-shop I spide Ratchel,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchel,
But her cheekes hang like a fatchell.
Therefore ile ha none of Ratchel. *No no no, &c.*
In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,
She fell downe and somewhat did I,
Therefore ile haue none of Biddy. *No no no, &c.*

Brut. The reſt weele heare within: what offence is there in this *Lucretius*, what hurt's in this *Horatius*? Is it not better to ſing with our heads on then weepe with our heads off. I nere tooke *Collatine* for a polititian till now. Come *Valerius*, weele run ouer all the wenches of Rome, euen from the community of laſciuious *Flora* to the chaſtity of diuine *Lucrece*, come good *Horat.*
Exeunt. *Enter Lucrece, Maid and Clowne.*

Lucr. A Chaire.

Clo. A chaire for my Lady, Mrs. *Mirable* do you not heare my

Lucr. Come neere ſir, be leſſe officious. Mrſ call.
In duty, and vſe more attention,
Nay gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our diſcourſe, but you muſt afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to ſay.

Maid. I ſtill remaine your handmaid.

Lucr. Sirra I ha ſeene you oft familiar
With this my Maid and waiting gentlewoman.
As caſting amorous glances, wanton lookes,
And pretty beckes, ſauouring incontinence.
I let you know you are not for my ſeruice
Vnleſſe you grow more ciuill.

Clo. Indeed madam for my owne part I wiſh Mrſ *Mirable* wel as one fellow ſeruãt ought to wiſh to another, but to ſay that euer I ſlong any ſheepes eies in her face, how ſay you miſtreſſe *Mirable* did I euer offer it?

Nay

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Nay miſtres I ha ſeene you anſwere him
With gracious lookes and ſome vnciuill ſmiles,
Retorting eies, and giuing his demeanure
Such welcome as becomes not modeſty.
Know henceforth there ſhall no laſciuious phraſe,
Suſpitious looke or ſhadow of incontinence
Be entertaind by any that attend on Romane *Lucrece*.

Maid. Madam I.

Lucr. Excuſe it not for my premeditable thought
Speakes nothing out of raſhnes, nor vaine heare ſay.
But what my owne experience teſtifies:
Againſt you both let then this mild reproofe
Forewarne you of the like, my reputation
Which is held pretious in the eies of Rome,
Shall be no ſhelter totheleaſt intent
Of looſenes, leaue all familiarity:
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here diſcharge you both my ſeruice.

Clown. For my owne part madam, as I am a true Romane by nature, though no Romane by my noſe, I neuer ſpent the leaſt lip labour on miſtris *Mirable* neuer ſo much as glaunc'd, neuer wi'd any winking or pinking, neuer nodded at her. no not ſo much as when I was aſleep, neuer askt her the queſtiō ſo much as whats her name, if you can bring any man womā or child, that can ſay ſo much behind my backe; As for he did but kiſſe her, for he did but kiſſe her and ſo let her go, let my Lord *Collatine* in ſtead of plucking my coat, pluck my skin ouer my eares & turne me away naked, that whereſoeuer I ſhall come I may be held a raw ſeruingman hereafter.

Lucr. Sirra you know our minde.

Clow. If euer I knew what bolongs to theſe caſes, or yet know what they meane, if euer I vſed any plaine dealing; or were euer worth ſuch a iewell, would I might die a begger, if euer I were ſo far read in my grammar, as to know what an Interiection is, or a coniunction copulatiue, would I might neuer haue good of my *quæ quæ quod*: why do you thinke madam, I haueno more care of my ſelfe being but a ſtripling then to go to it at theſe yeares, fleſh and blood cannot endure it, I ſhall euen ſpoile one

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one of the beſt faces in *Rome* with crying at your vnkindnes.

Luer. I ha done, ſee if you can ſpy your Lord rerurning from the Court, and giue me notice what ſtrangers he brings home with him. *Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scenola.*

Clowne. Yes I le go, but ſee kind man he ſaues me a labour.

Collatine. Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought theſe Lords from Court To feaſt with thee, ſirra prepare vs dinner.

Lucrece. My Lord is welcom, ſo are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords? (*Rome*

Hor. Madam ſtrange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies of Was nobly vſde and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the warlick *Gabines* aid:
But how hath he rewarded that braue Nation,
That in his great diſgrace ſupported him?
Ile tell you Madam, he ſince the laſt battell
Sent to his father a cloſe meſſenger
To be receiu'd to grace, withall demanding
What he ſhould doe with thoſe his enemies:
Great *Tarquin* from his ſon receiues this newes,
Being walking in his Garden, when the meſſenger
Importunde him for anſwere, the proud king
Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off,
And ſaies no more, with this vncertain anſwere
The meſſenger to *Sextus* back returnes.
who queſtions of his fathers words, lookes, geſture,
He tels him what the hawty ſpeechles King
Did to the heads of poppies, which bold *Sextus*
Straight apprehends, cuts off the great mens heads,
And hauing left the *Gabines* without Gouernors,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his trayterous ſeruice, by the King
With all due ſolemne honours to the Court.

Scena. Curteſie ſtrangely requited, this none but the ſonne of *Tarquin* would euer haue enterpris'de.

Vale. I like it, I applaud it, this will come to ſomwhat in the end, when heauen has caſt vp his account, ſome of them will be cald to a hard reckoning.

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Colla. Leaue all to heauen.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the beſt plumporedge in all *Rome* coples for your honors dinner is piping hot vpõ the table: & if you make not the more haſt, you are like to haue but cold cheare, the cook hath done his part, & ther's not a diſh vpõ the dreſſer but he has made ſmoake for you, if you haue good ſtomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'le make hunger and cold meet together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,
And this conceit is fluent. Enter Lords,
You muſt be *Lucrece* gueſts, and ſhe is ſcant
In nothing: for ſuch princes muſt not want. *Exeunt*

Manet Valerius & Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I haue euen a ſuit to your honour, I ha not the power to part from you, without a reliſh, a note, a tone, we muſt get an aire betwixt vs.

Valer. Thy meaning.

Clo. Nothing but this, *Iohn for the king, has bin in many ballads,*
Iohn for the king downe dino, Iohn for the king, has eaten many ſallats
Iohn for the king ſings hey ho.

Valer. Thou wouldſt haue a ſong, wouldſt thou not?

Clow. And be euerlaſtingly bound to your honour, I am now forſaking the world and the Diuill, and ſomewhat leaning towards the fleſh, if you could but teach me how to chooſe a wench fit for my ſtature and complection, I ſhould reſt yours in all good offices.

Valer. Ile do that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name ſir is *Pompie*.

Valer. Well then attend, *He ſings.*

The ſeuenth ſong.

Pompie *I will ſhew thee the waie to know*
A daintie dapper wench
Firſt ſee her all bare, let her ſkin be rare,
And be touche with no part of the french:
Let her eie be cleare, and her brow ſeuere,
Her eie-browes thin and fine:

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But if ſhe be a punke, and loue to be drunke,
Then keep her ſtill from the wine.
Let her ſtature be meane, & her body cleane
Thou canſt not chooſe but like her.
But ſee ſhe ha good clothes, with a faire Romane noſe,
For thats the ſigne of a ſtriker.
Let her legs be ſmall, but not vſ'd to ſprall,
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket,
Let her armes be ſtrong and her fingers long.
But not vſ'd to dine in a pocket.
Let her body be long and her backe be ſtrong,
With a ſoft lip that entangles,
With an ivory breſt, and her haire well dreſt
Without gold lace or ſpangles.
Let her foot be ſmall, cleane legd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:
And one that hath not bin, in no houſe of ſin,
Nor place that hath beene bawdy.

Clo. But gods me *I* am trifling heere with thee, & dinner cooles o'th table, & *I* am cald to my attendance, oh my ſweet Lord *Valerius*. *Exeunt.* *Semat.*

Enter Tarquin, Perſenna, Tullia, Sextus, Arunt.

Tarquin, Next king *Perſenna*, whom we tender deerely,
Welcome yong *Sextus*, thou haſt to our yoake,
Suppreſt the necke of a proud nation
The warlike Gauines, enemies to Rome.

Sextus. It was my duty royall Emperour,
The duty of a ſubiect and a ſon.
We at our mothers interceſſion likewiſe,
Are now aton'd with *Aruns*, whō we here receiue into our boſom

Tul. This is done like a kind brother and a naturall ſon.

Ar. VVe enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus* & graft vs in your loue.

Tarq. Now king *Perſenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to Rome.

Per. VVe are proud of your aliance, and Rome is ours,

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And we are *Romes*, this our religious league,
Shall be caru'd firme in characters of braſſe,
And liue for euer to ſucceeding times.
Tar. It ſhall *Perſenna*, now this leagues eſtabliſht,
We will proceede in our determinde warres
To bring the neighbor Nations vnder vs.
Our purpoſe is to make young *Sextus* Generall
Of all our army, who hath prou'd his fortunes
And found them full of fauour, weele begin
With ſtrong *Ardea*, ha you giuen in charge
To aſſemble all our Captaines, & take muſter of our ſtrõg army?
Aruns. That buſines is diſpatcht.
Sextus. Wee ha likewiſe ſent for all our beſt commanders to
According to their merit, Lord *Valerius*, (take charge
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius*, *Scevola*,
And *Collatine* to make due preparation of ſuch a gallant ſiege.
Tarq. This day you ſhall ſet forward, *Sextus* go,
And let vs ſee your army march along
Before this King and vs, that we may view
The puiſſance of our hoſt prepar'd already,
To lay high reard *Ardea* waſte and lowe.
Sex. I ſhall my liege.
Tul. *Aruns* aſſociate him.
Ar. Ariuall with my brother in his honors.
Exeunt Aruns & Sextus.
Tar. *Perſenna* ſhall behold the ſtrength of *Rome*,
And bodie of the Camp vnder the charge
Of two braue Princes to lay hoſtile ſiege
Againſt the ſtrongeſt citie that withſtands
The all commanding *Tarquin*.
Perſen. Tis an obiect, to pleaſe *Perſennaes Eie*.
Soft March.
Lucret. The hoſt is now vpon his march,
You from this place may ſee,
The pride of all the Romain chiualry.
Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Cocles, with ſoldiers drum and colours, march ouer the ſtage, and conges to the King and Queene.

Perſen.

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Porſen. This ſight's more pleaſing to *Porſennas* eye,
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feaſts,
Or ſumptuous Reuels, we are borne a ſoldier:
And in our mannage ſuckt the milke of warre.
Should any ſtrange fate lowre vpon this army,
Or that the merciles gulfe of confuſion
Should ſwallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our natiue confines vow ſupply
Of men and Armes to make theſe numbers full.

Tar. You are our Royall brother, and in you
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

Tul. The like *Porſenna* may command of *Rome.*

Porſen. But we haue in your freſh varieties
Feaſted too much, and kept our ſelfe too long
From our ſtone ſeate, our proſperous returne
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Pieres.

Tar. The buſines of our warres thus forwarded,
We ha beſt leiſure for our entertainment,
Which now ſhall want no due ſolemnitie.

Porſen. It hath bin beyond both expectation
And merit, but in ſight of heauen I ſweare
If euer royall *Tarquin* ſhall demand
Vſe of our loue, tis ready ſtor'de for you,
Euen in our Kingly breaſt.

Tar. The like we vow, to King *Porſenna*, we wil yet a little
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,
Such as *Rome* yeelds: that done before we part
Of two remote dominions make one heart.
Set forwards then, our ſons wage warre abroad,
To make vs peace at home, we are of our ſelfe
Without ſupportance, we all fate defy,
Aidleſſe, and of our ſelfe we ſtand thus hy.

Exeunt.

Two ſoldiers meete as in the watch.

1 *Sol.* Stand, who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 Stir not, for if thou doſt Ile broch thee ſtraight
vpon the pike, The word.

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2. *Soul. Perfuma.*
1. *Sol.* Paſſe, ſtay, who walkes the round to night,
The Generall, or any of his Captaines?
2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftens
Reſt in the Generals tent, theres no commander
Of any note but reuell with the Prince:
And I among the reſt am chargd to attend
Vpon their Rouſe.
1. *Sol.* Paſſe freely, I this night muſt ſtand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night.
2. *Sol.* The clocke laſt told eleuen.
1. *Sol.* The powers celeſtiall, that ha tooke Rome in charge
protect it ſtill.
Againe good night, thus muſt poore Souldiers do,
Whileſt their commanders are with dainties fed,
They ſleep on Downe, the earth muſt be our bed. *Sennet.*

A banquet prepared.

Enter Sextus, Arrus, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius Scevola, Collatine.

Sext. Sit round the enemy is pounded faſt
In their owne folds, the wals made to oppugne,
Hoſtile incurſions become a priſon
To keep them faſt for excution;
Ther's no eruption to be feard.

Brut. What ſhals do? come a health to the Generals health, & *Valerius* that ſits the moſt ciuilly ſhall begin it, I cannot talke till my bloud be mingled with this bloud of grapes: Fill, for *Valerius* thou ſhouldſt drinke well, for thou haſt been in the German warres, if thou louſt me drinke *vpſe freeze.*

Sext. Nay ſince *Brutus* has ſpoke the word, the firſt health ſhal be impoſ'd on you *Valerius*, and if euer you haue bin germaniſ'd let it be after the Dutch faſhion.

Valer. The Generall may command.

Brut. He may, why elſe is he cald the Commander?

Sext. We will intreat *Valerius.*

Val. Since you wil needes enforce a hie-German health, looke well to your heads, for I come vpon you with this dutch Taſſaker, if you were of a more noble ſcience then you are, it will go neere to breake your heads round.

The

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The rape of Lucrece.

The eight a Dutch ſong.

O Merke gyff men eine man,
Skerry merry vip,
O merke gyff men eine man
Skerry merry vap.
O merke gyff men eine man,
that tik die reine long o drienan cam;
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap,
and skerry merry runke ede bunkb.
Ede boore was a baie dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runk, ede bunk, ede boor was drunk a

O daughter yeis ein alte kleene
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alte kleene,
Skerry merry vap,
O daughter yeis ein alte kleene,
Te multen ſlap, ein yere a leene
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runk ede bunk
Ede boore was a bay dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry, runk ede bunke ede boor was drunk a.

Sext. Gramercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

Brut. Were it in Lubeckes or double double beere their owne naturall, liquor i'de pledge it, were it as deep as his ruffe, let the health go round about the board as his band goes round about his necke, I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchiō, thē I ſhould be of the heatheniſh inuention.

Col. I muſt entreat you ſpare me, for my braine brookes not the fumes of wine, their vaporous ſtrength offends me much.

Horat. I would haue none ſpare me, for ile ſpare none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnleſſe it be to his *Lucrece*.

Sext. What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women? But tortures and diſturbance vnto men.

If

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If they be foule th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich veſſels ful of poyſnous drugs,
Or like black ſerpents arm'd with golden ſcales,
For my owne part, they ſhall not trouble me.

Brut. *Sextus* ſit faſt, for I proclaime my ſelfe a womans chã-pion, and ſhall vnhorſe thee elſe.

Vale. For my owne part, I me a marride man, and Ile ſpeake to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

Arn. I haue a wife too, and I thinke, the moſt vertuous Lady in the world.

Scen. I cannot ſay but that I haue a good wife too, & I loue her: but if ſhe were in heauen, beſhrew me if I would wiſh her ſo much hurt as to deſire her cõpany vpon earth agin, yet vpõ my honour, though ſhe be not very faire, ſhe is exceeding honeſt.

Brut. Nay the leſſe beautie the leſſe temptation to diſpoile her honeſty.

Sce. I ſhould be angry with him that ſhould make queſtion of her honour.

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou ſhouldſt not maintaine her honour.

Arn. If you compare the vertues of your wiues, let me ſtep in for mine.

Colla. I ſhould wrong my *Lucrece* not to ſtand for her.

Sext. Ha, ha, all captens, and ſtand vpon the honeſty of your wiues, iſt poſſible thinke you, that women of young ſpirit and full age
Of fluent wit, that can both ſing and dance,
Reade, write, ſuch as feede well and taſte choice cates,
That ſtraight diſſolue to purity of bloud,
That keep the veines full, and enflame the appetite,
Making the ſpirit able, ſtrong and prone,
Can ſuch as theſe their husbands being away
Emploid in forreine ſieges or elſewhere,
Deny ſuch as importune them at home?
Tell me that flax wil not be toucht with fire,
Nor they be won to what they moſt deſire.

Brut. Shall I end this controuerſie in a word?

Sext. Do good *Brutus*.

Brut. I hold ſome holy but ſome apt to ſin,

Some

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Some tractable, but some that none can winne,
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can moue,
Some vicious of themselues are prone to loue.
Some Grapes are swéete and in the Gardens grow,
Others vnprunde, turne wild neglected so.
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.
The one disgrace, reproch and scandall taints,
The other angels and sweete featurde saints,

Colla. Such is my vertuous *Lucrece.*

Ar. Yet for her vertue not comparable to the wife of *Arms.*

Sce. And why may not mine be rãckt with the most vertuous?

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but 1000 to one I shall draw but a blancke.

Vale. I should not shew I lou'd my wife, not to take her part in her absence, I hold her inferior to none.

Arms. Saue mine. *Vale.* No not to her. (to arbitrate.

Brut. Oh this were a braue controuersie for a Iury of weomen

Col. Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues
Of diuine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,
And to our houses all come vnpreparde,
And vnexpected by our hy praisd wiues,
She of them all that we finde best imploid
Deuoted and most huswife exercised,
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband
Win by the wager a good horse and armour.

Ar. A hand on that.

Vale. Heres a helping hand to that bargaine.

Hor. But Shal we to horse without circumstance?

Sce. *Scenola* will be mounted with the first.

Sext. Then moũt *Cleuall*, *Brutus* this night take you the charge of the army, Ile see the triall of this wager, 'twould do me good to see some of them find their wiues in the armes of their louers, they are so confident in their vertues, *Brutus* weele enterchange good night, within be thou, but as prouident ore the army as we (if our horses faile not) expeditious in our iorney, horse, horse, horse. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Lucrece and her two maids.

Luc. But one houre more & you ſhall all to reſt,
Now that your Lord is abſent from this houſe,
And that the Maſters eie is from his charge,
We muſt be carefull and with prouidence
Guide his domeſtick buſines, we ha now
Giuen ore all teaſting and leaud reuelling,
Which ill becomes the houſe whoſe Lo: is abſent,
We baniſh all exceſſe til his returne,
In feare of whom my ſoule doth daily mourne.

1. Madam ſo pleaſe you to repoſe your ſelfe
Within your Chamber, leaue vs to our taſkes,
We will not loiter though you take your reſt.

Lu. Not ſo, you ſhall not ouerwatch your ſelues
Longer then I wake with you: for it fits
Good huſwifes when their husbands are frō home,
To ey their ſeruants labors and in care,
And the true manage of his houſhold ſtate,
Earlieſt to riſe, and to be vp moſt late.
Since all his buſines he commits to me,
Ile be his faithfull ſteward til the camp
Diſſolue, and hę returne, thus wiues ſhould doe,
In abſence of their Lords be husband too.

2. Madam the L. *Turnus* his mā was thrice for you here to haue entreated you home to ſupper, hę ſaies his L. takes it vnkindly he could not haue your company.

Lu. To pleaſe a louing husband, Ile offend
The loue and patience of my deareſt friend,
Me thinkes his purpoſe was vnreaſonable
To draw me in my husbands abſence forth
To feaſt and banquet; twould haue ill becomd me, (& Miſtres,
To ha left the charge of ſuch a ſpacious houſe, without both L.
I am opiniond thus, wiues ſhould not ſtray, (cuſe me.
Out of their dores their husbāds being away: L. *Turnus* ſhal ex-

1 *Maid.* Pray Madam ſet me right into my worke,
Being abroad I may forget the charge.

Lucrece. Impoſde me by my L. or be compeld
To ſtay out late, which were my husband here,
Might be without diſtaſt, but he from hence,

Which

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Which late a broad, there can no excuſe diſpence.
Here take your worke againe, a while proceede,
And then to bed, for whilſt you ſow, Ile read.

Enter Sextus, Arruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scenola.

Arruns. I would haue hazſarded all my hopes, my wife had not beene ſo late a reuelling.

Vale. Nor mine at this time of night a gambol ing.

Hor. They weare ſo much corke vnder their heeles, they cānot chooſe but loue to caper.

Sce. Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha loſt, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* muſt bee better imploid then the reſt, or you content to haue her vertues ranckt with the reſt. *Colla.* I am pleaſd.

Hor. Soft, ſoft, lets ſteale vpon her as vpon the reſt, leſt hauing ſome watchword at our ariual, we may giue her notice to be better prepar'd, nay by your leaue *Collatine*, weel limit you no ad-

Colla. See Lords, thus *Lucrece* reuels with her maids, (uātage.
In ſtead of Riot, quaffing & the practiſe of hy laualties to the rauiſhing ſound of chambring muſique, ſhe like a good huſwife
Is teaching of her husband ſundry chares. *Lucrece.*

Lu. My L. & husband welcom, 10 times welcom,
Is it to ſee your *Lucrece* you thus late
Ha with your perſons ſo hazard left the camp,
And truſted to the danger of a night ſo darke, and full of horror?

Arruns. Lords all's loſt. (for this trick.

Hor. By Ioue Ile buy my wife a wheele and make her ſpin

Sce. If I make not mine learne to liue by the prick of her needle for this, I me no *Roman.*

Col. Sweete wife ſalute theſe Lords, thy continence
Hath won thy husbād a Barbarian horſe, & a rich cote of armes.

Lucrece. O pardon me, the ioy to ſee my Lord,
Tooke from me all reſpect of their degrees,
The richeſt entertainment liues with vs,
According to the houre and the prouiſion
Of a poore wife in the abſence of her husband:
We proſtrate to you howſoeuer meane,
We thus excuſde Lord *Collatine* away.

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We neither feaſt, dance, quaffe, riot nor play.

Sex. If one woman among ſo many bad, may be found good, If a white wench may proue a black ſwan, it is *Lucrece* her beauty hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correſpondence to her beautie, and in both ſhe is fellowleſſe.

Colla. Lords wil you yeeld the wager?

Arruns. Stay, the wager was as well which of our wiues was faireſt too, it ſtretcht aſwell to their beautie as to their continence, who ſhall iudge that?

Hor. That can none of vs, becauſe we are all parties, let Prince *Sextus* determin it who hath bin with vs, and bin an eye witneſſe of their beauties. *Vale.* Agreed.

Sex. I am pleaſd with the cenſure of P. *Sextus*.

Arruns. So are wee all.

Colla. I commit my *Lucrece* wholly to the cenſure of *Sextus*.

Sex. And Sextus commits him wholy to the diſpoſe of *Lucr.*

I loue the Lady and her grace deſire,
Nor can my loue wrong what my thought admire.
Arruns no queſtion but your wife is chaſte,
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waſt.
Valerius, yours is modeſt ſomething faire,
Her Grace and beautie are without compare,
Thine *Mutius* well diſpoſ'd and of good feature,
But the world yeelds not ſo diuine a creature.
Horatius, thine a ſmug laſſe and grace well,
But amongſt all bright *Lucrece* doth excel.
Then our impertiall harts iudging eies,
This verdit giues, faire *Lucrece* wiues the priſe.

Col. Then Lords you are indebted to me a houſe and armour.

Omnes. We yeeld it. (houſe can yeeld?

Lu. Wil you taſte ſuch welcom Lords, as a poore vnprouided

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, no we muſt this night ſleepe by *Ardea* walles. (*Lucrece.*

Lu. I but my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* will not ſo leaue his

Sex. He muſt, we haue but idled from the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wiues, and tis the hazard of the kings diſpleaſure, ſhould any man be miſſing from his charge, the powers that gouern Roine make diuine *Luc.* for euer happy, goodnight.

Lucr. Will not my husband repoſe this night with vs?

Hor.

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Hor. *Lucrece* ſhall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaues of our wiues, nor ſhall *Collatine* be before vs, though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I muſt beſway the ioies and the delights of many thouſand nights meet all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

Lu. I am bound to your ſtrict wil, to each goodnight.

Sex. To horſe, to horſe, *Lucrece* we cannot reſt,
Til our hot luſt imboſome in thy breſt. *Exeunt, manet Lu.*

Lu. With no vnkindnes we ſhould our Lords vpbraid,
Husbands and Kings muſt alwaies be obaid.
Nothing ſaue the high buſines of the ſtate,
And the charge giuen him at *Ardeas* ſiege,
Could ha made *Collatine* ſo much digreſſe
From the affection that he beares his wife.
But ſubiects muſt excuſe when kings claime power.
But leauing this before the charme of ſleepe,
Ceaſe with his downy wings vpon my eies,
I muſt go take account among my ſeruants
Of their daies taske, we muſt not cheriſh ſloth,
No couetous thought makes me thus prouident,
But to ſhun idlenes, which wiſe men ſay,
Begets ranck luſt, and vertue beats away. *Exit.*

Enter Sextus, Arruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scenola, Valerius.

Hor. Returne to *Rome* now we are in the mid way to the Cāp?

Sex. My Lords tis buſines that concernes my life,
To morrow if we liue weele viſit thee.

Val. Wil *Sextus* enioyne me to accompany him?

Sce. Or me?

Sex. Not you, nor any, tis important buſines,
And ſerious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wiues.
Collatine ſhall I doe you any ſeruice to your *Lucrece*?

Col. Only commend me.

Sce. What, no priuat token to purchaſe our kind welcom?

Col. Would Roiall *Sextus* would but honor me to beare her a ſlight token. *Sex.* What? *Col.* This Ring.

Sex. As I am Royall I wil ſeet deliuered.
This Ring to *Lucrece* ſhall my loue conuey,
And in this gift thou doſt thy bed betray.

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To morrow we ſhall meete, this night ſweet fate,
May I proue welcome though a gueſt ingrate. *Exit.*

Arunt. Hees for the city, we for the campe, the night makes the way tedious and melancholy, prethee *Valerius* a merry ſong to beguile it. The ninth Song. *He ſings.*

Valer. *There was a yong man and a maide fell in loue,*
Terry dery ding, terry dery dang, tery tery dino.
To get her good will he often did,
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, langtido dille.
There's many will ſay, and moſt will allow, terry dery, &c.
There's nothing ſo good as a terry dery dery dery, &c.
I would wiſh all maides before they be ſicke, terrie derie, &c.
To enquire for a yong man that has a good terrie dery, &c.

Hor. Good *Valerius*, this has brought vs euen to the skirts of the campe, enter Lords. *Exit.* *Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

Luer. This ring, my Lord, hath opt our gates to you,
For though I know you for a royall Prince,
My ſoueraignes ſonne, and friend to *Collatine*:
Without that key you had not entred here.
More lights, and ſee a banquet ſtrait prouided,
My loue to my deere husband ſhall appeare,
In the kind welcome that I giue his friend.

Sext. Not loue-ſicke, but loue lunatike, loue-mad,
I am all fire, impatience, and my bloud
Boyles on my heart, with looſe and ſenſuall thoughts.

Luer. A chaire for the Prince, may't pleaſe your highnes ſit.

Sext. Madam, with you. (trencher.

Luer. It will become the wife of *Collatine* to waite vpon your

Sext. You ſhall ſit, behind vs at the campe we left our ſtate,
We are but your gueſt, indeed you ſhall not waite,
Her modeſtie hath ſuch ſtrong power ore me,
And ſuch a reuerence hath fate giuen her brow,
That it appeares a kind of blaſphemy,
To haue any wanton word harſh in her eares,
I cannot woe, and yet I loue boue meaſure,
Tis force, not ſuite, muſt purchaſe this rich treaſure.

Luc. Your highneſſe cannot taſte ſuch homely cates.

Sex. Indeed I cannot feed, but on thy face,
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace.

Luer.

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Lucr. Knew you, my Lord, what free and zelous welco-
We tender you, your highneſſe would preſume
Vpon your entertainement, oft, I many times
I haue heard my husband ſpeake of *Sextus* worth,
Extoll your worth, praiſe your perfection, *Lucrece.*
I dote vpon your valor, and your friendſhip priſe next his *Lu-*
Sext. Oh impious luſt, in all things baſe, reſpectles & vniuſt,
Thy vertue, grace and fame I muſt enioy,
Though in the purchaſe I all Rome deſtroy.
Madame, if I be welcome, as your vertue bids me preſume I am,
Carouſe to me a health vnto your husband.
Lucr. A womans draught my Lord to *Collatine.*
Sext. Nay, you muſt drinke off all.
Lucr. Your grace muſt pardon the tender weakneſſe of a wo-
Sext. It is to *Collatine.* (mans braine.
Lucr. Me thinks twould ill become the modeſty
Of any Romane Lady to carouſe,
And drowne her vertues in the iuice of grapes.
How can I ſhew my loue to my husband,
To do his wife ſuch wrong, by too much wine
I might neglect the charge of this great houſe,
Left ſoly to my keepe, elſe my example
Might in my ſeruants breed encouragement
So to offend, both which were pardonleſſe,
Elſe to your grace I might neglect my duty,
And ſlacke obeyſance to ſo great a gueſt:
All which being accidentall vnto wine,
Oh let me not ſo wrong my *Collatine.*
Sex. We excuſe you, her imperfections like a torrent
With violence breakes vpon me, and at once
Inuert and ſwallow all thats good in me.
Prepoſterous fates, what miſchiefes you inuolue
Vpon a captiue Prince left to the fury
Of all grand miſchiefe, hath the grandame world
Yet ſmothred ſuch a ſtrange abortiue wonder,
That from her vertues ſhould ariſe my ſinne:
I am worſe then whats moſt ill, depriude all reaſon,
My hart all firie luſt, my ſoule all treaſon. (brow
Lucr. My Lord, I feare your health, your changing

Hath

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Hath ſhewne ſo much diſturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous trauell from the campe,
Nor the moyſt rawnes of theſe humorous night impairde your (health?
Sext. Diuineſt *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate.
Lucr. To reſt then, a ranke of torches there, attend the Prince.
Sext. Madam, I doubt I am a gueſt this night
Too troubleſome, and I offend your reſt.
Lucr. This ring ſpeakes for me, that next *Collatine* you are to me moſt welcome, yet my Lord, thus much preſume without this from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not haue entred here, no, not the king himſelf, my dores the day time to my frinds are free,
But in the night the obdure gates are leſſe kind,
Without this ring they cā no entrāce find. Lights for the Prince.
Sex. A kiſſe and ſo godnight, nay for your rings ſake deny not (that
Lucr. Ioue giue your Highnes ſoft and ſweet repoſe.
Sex. And thee the like, repoſe with ſoft content,
My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on miſchiefe bent. *Exit with torches.*
Lucr. Tis late, ſo many ſtarres ſhine in this roome,
By reaſon of this great and princely gueſt,
The world might call our modeſty in queſtion,
To reuell thus our husband at the Campe,
Haſt and to reſt, ſaue in the Princes chamber,
Let not a light appeare, my hart's all ſadneſſe,
Ioue vnto thy protection I commit
My chaſtitie and honour to thy keepe,
My waking ſoule I giue whilſt my thoughts ſleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne and a Seruingman.

Clo. Soft, ſoft, not to loud, imagine we were now going on the ropes with egs at our heeles, he that hath but a creeking ſhooe, I wold he had a creek in his neck, tread not to hard for diſturbing Prince *Sextus*. *Ser.* I wonder the P. would ha none of vs ſtay in his chamber & helpe him to bed. *Clo.* What an aſſe art thou to wonder, there may be many cauſes thou knoweſt the Prince is a ſoldier, & ſoldiers many times want ſhift, who can ſay whether he haue a cleane ſhirt on or no; for any thing that we know he hath vſde ſlaues aker a late, or hath tane a medcin to kill the itch, whats that to vs, we did our duty to proffer our ſeruice.
Ser. And what ſhould we enter farther into his thoughts, come ſhals to bed? Ime as drouſie as a doremouſe, & my head's as heauy as though I had a nightcap of lead on: *Clow.*

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Clow. And my eies begin to glew themselues together, I was til supper was done altogether for your repast, and now after supper I am onely for your repose · I think for the two vertues of eating and sleeping, there's neuer a Roman spirit vnder the cope, can put me downe.

Enter Myrable.

Myr. For shame what a coniuring and catter-walling keep you heere, that my Lady cannot sleepe: you shall haue her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnes.

Clow. Sweete mistris Myrable, we are going.

Myr. You are too lowde: come, euerie man dispose him to his rest and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches sir.

Clow. Come then, and euerie man sneake into his kennell.

Exeunt.

Enter Sextus with his sword drawne and a Taper light.

Sex. Night be as secret as thou art close, as close
as thou art black and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of Tenebrouse silence, make this fatall hower,
as true to Rape as thou hast made it kinde
To murder and harsh mischiefe: Cinthea maske thy cheeke,
And all you sparkling Elamentall fires,
Choke vp your beauties in prodigious fogges,
Or be extinct in some thick vaparous clowde,
Least you beholde my practise: I am bound
Vpon a blacke aduenture, on a deede
That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleede.
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,
Thou art yet free, beloued, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and vndoubted hope,
Romes darling in the vniuersall grace,
Both of the field, and senate: were these fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame.
Of late, thou hast vsurpt such power euer man,
That where thou pleadst thy will, no mortall care.
On then, black mischiefe hurrie me the way.

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My ſelfe I muſt deſtroy, her life betray,
The ſtate of King and Subiect, the diſpleaſure
Of Prince and people, the reuenge of noble,
And the contempt of baſe, the incurd vengeance
Of my wrongd kinſman *Colatine*, the Treaſon
A Gainſt diuin'ſt *Lucrece*: all theſe total curſſes
Foreſeene not fear deuppon me *Sextus* meete,
To make my daies harſh, ſo this night be ſweete
No iarre of clocke, no ominous hatefull howle
Of any ſtarting Hound, no horſe rough breath'd from the
Of any drowſie Groom, wakes this charm'd ſilence, (entrals
and ſtarts this generall ſilence forward ſtil, *Lucr. diſcouerd in*
To make thy luſte liue, all thy vertues kill. *her bed*
Heere, heere, beholde beneath theſe Curtaines lyes,
That bright enchantreſſe that hath daz'd my eies.
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit ſuch waſte?
On one ſo faire, ſo kinde, ſo truely chaſte?
Or like a rauiſher thus rudely ſtand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at ſuch fatall houres, theſe reuells keepe,
With thought once to defile thy innocent ſleepe,
Saue in this breſt, ſuch thoughts could finde no place,
Or pay with treaſon her kind hoſpitall grace:
But I am luſt-burnt, all bent on what's bad,
That which ſhould calme good thoughts makes *Tarquin*
mad. Madam, *Lucreſſe*?

Lucr. Whoſe that? oh me! beſhrew you.
Sex. Sweete, tis I. *Luc.* What I?
Sex. Make roome.
Luc. My Husband *Colatine*?
Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.
Luc. Here is no roome for any man ſaue him.
Sex. Graunt me that grace.
Luc. What are you?
Sex. Tarquin and thy friend, and muſt enioy thee.
Lucr. Heauen ſuch ſinnes defend.
Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? ceaſe this feare,
I am alone, there's no ſuſpitious eare,

That

That can bewray this deede: nay ſtart not ſweete
Luc. Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to ſee Prince *Tarquin* ſo.
Sweet Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,
Royall and honeſt, one that loues my Lord.
And would not wrack a womans chaſtitie,
For Romes imperiall Diademe, oh then
Pardon this dreame, for being awake I know,
Prince Sextus, Romes great hope, would not for ſhame
Prouoke his owne wrath, or diſpoile my fame.
Sex. I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, and deſire,
Yet doe I loue thee, wilt thou accept it? *Luc.* No.
Sex. If not thy loue, thou muſt inioy thy foe,
where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:
By loue I muſt inioy thee.
Lucr. Sweet Lord ſtay.
Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage,
And ſaue thy bed, nought cā this fire aſſwage: wilt loue me?
Luc. No, I cannot.
Sex. Tell me why?
Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me dye.
Sex. By loue ile force thee. (Lord forbeare
Lucr. By a God you ſweare to doe a deuils deede: ſweete
By the ſame loue I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Neuer to yeelde vnto an act ſo foule. Helpe, helpe.
Sex. Theſe cuſhens firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhreekeſt: harke how ile frame thy death.
Luc. The death: I care not, ſo I keepe vnſtaind,
The vnceaz'd honour I haue yet maintaind.
Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueecheſt,
Or letſt the leaſt harſh noiſe iarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my ſteele: that done, ſtraite murder
One of thy baſeſt Groomes, and lay you both
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed.
Then call in witnes of that mechall ſinne,
So ſhalt thou die: thy death be ſcandalous,

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Thy name be odious: thy ſuſpected body
Denide all funerall rites, and louing *Colatine*
Shall hate thee euen in death: then ſaue all this,
and to thy fortunes adde another friend,
Giue thy feares comfort, and theſe torments end.

Lucr. Ile die firſt, and yet heare me: oh as y'are noble
If all your gratious and beſt generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pittie
The Vertues of a woman: marre not that
Cannot be made againe: this once defilde,
Not all the Ocean waues can purifie,
Or waſh my ſtaine away, you ſeeke to
That which the radiant ſplender of the Sunne
Cannot make bright againe: behold my teares!
Oh thinke them pearled drops, deſtilled from the heart
Of ſoule-chaſte *Lucrece*: thinke them Orators, (kinſman.
To pleade the cauſe of abſent Colatine, your friend and

Sex. Tuſh, I am obdure.

Luc. Then make my name pure: keepe my body pure:
Oh Prince of Princes, doe but weigh your ſinne,
Thinke how much I ſhall looſe, how ſmall you winne.
I looſe my honour of my name and blood,
Loſt Roms imperiall Crowne cannot make good.
You win the worlds ſhame, & all good mens hate,
Oh who would pleaſure, buy at ſuch deere rate?
Nor can you tearme it pleaſure: for what's ſweet,
Where force & hate, iarre and contention meete?
Weigh but for what tis that you vrge me ſtill,
To gaine a womans loue againſt her will?
Youle but repent ſuch wrong done a chaſte wife,
and think that labour's not worth all your ſtrife.
Curſſe your hot luſt, & ſay you haue wrong your friendes,
But all the world cannot make me amends.
I tooke you for a friend, wrong'd not my truſt,
But let theſe chaſt teares quench your fiery luſt.

Sex. No, thoſe moiſt teares, contending with my fire,
Quench not my heate, but make it climbe more higher:
Ile drag thee hence.

Luc. Oh!

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Luer. Oh!

Sex. If thou raiſe theſe cries, edg'd in thy ſlaughtered armes, ſome baſe Groome dies,
And Rome that hath thy name admired ſo long,
Shal blot thy death with ſcandal from my tung.

Luer Ioue garde my innocence.

Sex. *Lucrece*, that't mine
In ſpight of Ioue & all the powers diuine. *Hee beares her off*

Enter a Seruingman

Ser. What's a clocke tro? my Lord bad me be earely ready with his Gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be vp an houre before my time then a minute after, for my Lord will bee ſo infinitely angrie if I but ouer ſleepe my ſelfe a moment, that I had better bee out of my life then in his diſpleaſure: but ſoft, ſome of my Lord *Colatines* men lye in the next chamber, I care not if I call them vp, for it growes towards day: what *Pompy*, *Pompy*.

Clo. Who is that cal's? *Ser.* Tis I.

Clow. Whoſe that, my Lord Sextus his man? what a poxe make you vp before day?

Ser. I would haue the key of the Gate to come at my Lords horſe in the ſtable.

Clo. I wold my Lord Sextus & you were both in the hay-lo't, for Pompy can take none of his naturall reſt amongſt you, heres eene Oſtler, riſe & giue my horſe another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good Pompy helpe me to the Key of the ſtable.

Clow. Well, Pompy was borne to doe Rome good, in beeing ſo kinde to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindeneſſe in giuing him Peaſe and Oates, hee ſhould kick mee, I ſhould ſcarſe ſay god a mercie horſe: but come, ile goe with thee to the ſtable. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sextus & Lucrece vneady.

Sex. Nay, weepe not ſweete what's done is paſt recall,
Call not thy name in queſtion, by this ſorrow
Which yet is without blemiſh, what hath paſt
Is hid from the worldes eye, and only priuate
Twixt vs: faire Lucrece, pull not on my head,

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The wrath of Rome if I haue done thee wrong,
Loue was the cause, thy fame is without blot,
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got,
Nay sweete looke vp, thou only hast my hart,
I must be gone *Lucrece*, a kisse and part.

Lu. Oh! *She flings from him and Exit.*

Sex. No? peuish dame farwell, then be the bruter
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale:
I am armd against all can come, let mischiefe frown,
With all his terror and with ominous fates,
To all their spleenes a welcome Ile affoord,
With this bold hart, strong hand, and my good sword. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Valerius Horatius, Arruns, Scenola, Colatine.

Bru. What so early *Valer.* and your voyce not vp yet? thou wast wont to be my Lark and raise me with thy early notes.

Val. I was neuer so hard set yet my Lord, but I had euer a fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee let's heare it then whilst we may, for I deuine thy musique and my madnes are both short liu'd, we shall haue somewhat else to doe ere long, we hope *Valerius*.

Hora. Ioue send it.

Bru. *Horatius*, Me thinks our warres goe not wel forward, *Horatius* we haue greater Enimies to bustle with then the Ardeans if we durst but front them *Horatius*.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Bru. Then we married men should haue the aduantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as haue reuelling wiues, those that can caper in the Citty, while their husbands are in the Camp, *Collas*: why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, hauing a *Luc.* to your bedfellow.

Colla. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

Arr. I should be frolique if my brother were but returnd to the Camp, and in good time behould Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes Health to our generall. *Sex.* Thank you.

Br. Wil you survey your forces, & giue order for a present assault, your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans.

Sex. No.

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Sex. No.

Col. Haue you ſeene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares ſhee?

Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.

Arn. Why how now whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru. Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent, get thee to thy Tent & a coward goe with thee, if thou haſt no more ſpirit to a ſpeedy encounter.

Vale. Shall I goe after him and know the cauſe of his diſcontent? *Sce.* Or I my Lord?

Bru. Neither, to purſue a foole in his humour? is the next way to make him more humerous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, Thank you! no, before I wiſh him health agen when he is ſicke of the ſullens, may I dye, not like a Roman, bu a runagate.

Sce. Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru. Well, then let him be ill.

Enter Clown.

Valle. The news with this haſty poaſt?

Clow. Did nobody ſee my Lord *Colatine*? oh, my Lady commends her to you, heer's a letter.

Col. Giue it me.

Clow. Fy e vppon't, neuer was poore *Pompy* ſo ouer-labourde as I haue bin, I thinke I haue ſpurd my horſe ſuch a queſtion, that hee's ſcarce able to wighee or wag his taile for an anſwere, but my Lady bad me ſpare for no horſe fleſh, and I think I haue made him run his race.

Bru. Coſen *Colatine* the news at Rome?

Coll. Nothing but what you all may well pertak: read here (my Lord.

Brutus reades the letter.

Deere Lord, if euer thou wilt ſee thy *Lucrece*,
Chooſe of the friends which thou affecteſt beſt,
And all important buſines ſet apart,
Repaire to Roome: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius Mutius, & *Horatius*,
Say I intreat their preſence, where my Father
Lucretius ſhall attend them, farwell ſweete,
Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

Brut. Ile

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Brut. Ile thither as I liue, Exit.
Coll. I though I dye, Exit.
Sce. To Rome wi h expeditious wings weel'e fly. Exit.
Hora. The news, the newes, if it haue any shape
Of sadnes, if some prodegy e haue chanst,
That may beget reuenge, Ile cease to chafe,
Vexe, martyr, grieue, torture, torment my selfe,
And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth:
My soule deuines some happinesse, speak, speak:
I know thou hast some newes that will create me
Merry and musical, for I would laugh,
Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre
with thee.
Vale. First tell vs what's the proiect of thy massage?
Clow. My Lords, the princely Sextus has bene at home,
but what he hath done, I may partly mistrust, but cannot al-
together resolue you: besides, my Lady swore me, that
whatsoeuer I suspected I should say nothing.
Vale. If thou wilt not say thy minde, I prethee sing thy
minde, and then thou maist saue thine oath.
Clow. Indeede I was not sworn to that, I may either laugh
out my newes or sing am, and so saue my oath to my Lady.
Hora. Howe's all at Rome, that with such sad presage
Disturbed Colatine, and noble Brutus
Are hurryed from the Campe with *Scenola*?
And we with expedition amongst the rest,
Are charg'd to Rome? speake, what did *Sextus* there with
thy faire mistresse?

Valerius, Horatius and the Clowne their
Catch.

Vale. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the toe man?*
Clow. *Toe man.*
Vale. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha, ha, ha, ha man.*
Hor. *And further did he strine to goe man?*
Clow. *Goe man.*

Hora

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Hor. *I man.* Clow. *Ha, ha, ha man, ha fa derry derry derry downe a, hey fa derry dino.*
Val. *Did he take faire* Lucrece *by the heele man?*
Clow. *Heele man.* Val. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And did he further ſtriue to feele man?*
Clow. *Feele man.* Hor. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fadery, &c.*
Hor *Did he take the* Lady *by the ſhin man?*
Clow. *Shin man.* Val. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further too would he haue ben man?* Clow. *Ben man.*
Hor. *I man.* Clo. *Ha ha ha ha man. Hey fadery, &c.*
Val. *Did he take the* Lady *by the knee man?*
Clo. *Knee man.* Val *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further then that would he be man.*
Clo. *Bee man.* Hor. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man. hey fa derie &c.*
Val. *Did he take the* Lady *by the thigh man?*
Clo. *Thigh man.* Val. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And now he came is ſomewhat nye man.* Clow. *Nye man*
Val. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.*
Val. *But did he doe the tother thing man?*
Clow, *Thing man?* Val. *I man.* Clo. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And at the ſame had he a fling man.* Clow. *Fling man.*
Hor. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fadery, &c.*

Exeunt.

A Table and Chaire Couered with blacke.

Lucrece and her maide.

Luc. Mirable.
Maid. Madam.
Luc. Is not my father old *Lucrecius* come yet?
Maide. Not yet.
Luc. Nor any from the Campe?
Maid. Neither madam.
Luc. Go, be gone, and leaue me to the trueſt griefe of heart
That euer entred any Matrons breſt. Oh!
Maide. Why weepe you Lady? alas why doe you ſtaine
Your modeſt cheekes with theſe offenſiue teares?

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Luc. Nothing, nay nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,
That should haue Angels' guardent on your throne,
To protect innocence and chastitie: oh why
Suffer you such inhumane massacre
On harmeles vertue? wherefore take you charge,
On sinles soules to see them wounded thus:
With Rape or Violence? forgiue white innocence,
Armor of proofe gainst sinne: or by oppression
Kill Vertue quite, & guerdon base transgression?
Is it my fate aboue all other women?
Or is my sinne more haynous then the rest,
That amongst thousands, millions, infinites,
I, only I, should to this shame be borne,
To be a staine to women, natures scorne? oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, troth you make me weepe
To see you shead salt teares: what hath oppresst you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swolne
With ominous teares: alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not, thou didst deceiue thy selfe,
I did not weepe, theres nothing troubles me.
But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maide. Madam not I.

Luc. Indeede thou didst, and in that blush my guilt thou (didst betray
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sinne?

Maide. What sinne?

Luc. My blot, my scandall and my shame:
Oh Tarquin! thou my honour didst betray,
Disgrace: no time, no age can wipe away, oh!

Maide. Sweete Lady cheere your selfe, ile fetch my Vyol
And see if I can sing you fast a sleepe,
A little rest would weare away this passion.

Luc. Doe what thou wilt, I can commaund no more,
Being no more a woman, I am now
Deuote to death, and an inhabitant
Of th'other world: these eyes must euer weepe,
Till fate hath closde them with eternall sleepe.

Enter

Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Secuola, Valerius one way, Lucretius another way.

Luc. Brutus!
Brut. Lucretius!
Luc. Father!
Col. Lucrece!
Luc. Collatine!
Brut. How cheare you Madam? how ist with your couſen?
Why is your eye deiect and drown'd in ſorrow?
Why is this funerall black, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood? reſolue me couſen *Lucrece.*
Hor. How fare you Lady?
Old. Luc. What's the matter girle?
Col. Why how i'ſt with you Lucrece, tell me ſweete?
Why dooſt thou hide thy face? & with thy hand
Darken thoſe eies that were my Sunnes of ioy,
To make my pleaſures floriſh in the Spring?
Luc. Oh me!
Val. Whence are theſe ſighes and teares?
Secu. How growes this paſſion?
Brut. Speake Lady, you are hem'd in with your friendes,
Guirt in a pale of ſafety, and enuiron'd
and cirkled in a fortreſſe of your kinred,
Let not thoſe drops fall fruitles to the ground,
Nor let your ſighes ad to the ſenceleſſe winde.
Speake, who hath wrong you?
Luc. Ere I ſpeake my woe,
Sweare youle reuenge poore Lucrece on her foe.
Brut. Be his head archt with golde.
Hor. Be his hand armd with an imperiall Scepter.
Old. Luc. Be he great as Tarquin throand in an imperial ſeat
Brut. Be he no more then mortall, he ſhall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious ſteele.
Luc. Then ſeate you Lords, whilſt I expoſe my wrong.
Father, deere husband, and my kinsmen, Lords
Heare me, I am diſhonour'd and diſgrac'd,

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My reputation mangled, my renown
disparaged, but my body, oh my body
Col. What Lucrece?
Luc. Staind, polluted and defilde.
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body soild with lust-burnd sinne,
And by a stranger I am strumpited, (man Matrons.
Rauisht, inforc'd, and am no more to ranke among the Ro-
Brut. Yet cheere you Lady, and restraine these teares,
If you were forc'd, the sinne concernes not you, (Rauisher?
A woman's born but with a womans strength: who was the
Her. I name him Lady, our loue to you shal only thus ap-
In the reuenge that we will take on him. (peare
Luc. I hope so Lords, t'was Sextus the Kings Sonne.
Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin*!
Luc. That vnprincely Prince, who gueſt-wise entred with
my husbands Ring,
This Ring, oh *Collatine*! this Ring you sent
Incause of all my woe, your discontent.
I feasted him, then lodgd him, and bestowde
The choisest welcome, but in dead of night,
My Traiterous gueſt came arm'd vnto my bed,
Frighted my silent sleepe, threatned, and praide
For entertainment: I despised both.
Which hearing his sharpe pointed Semitar,
The Tyrant bent against my naked breſt,
Alas, I begd my death, but note his tyranny,
He brought with him a torment worse then death
For hauing murdred me, he swore to kill,
One of my baseſt Groomes, and lodge him dead
In my dead armes: then call in testimony
Of my adulterie, to make me hated
Euen in my death, of husband, father, friendes,
Of Rome and all the world: this, this, oh Princes, Rauisht
and kild me at once,
Col. Yet cõfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could
Lucrece doe more then a woman? hadst thou dide polluted,
By this base scandall, thou hadst wrong'd thy fame,

And

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And hinderd vs of a moſte iuſt reuenge.
All. What ſhall we doe Lords?
Bru. Lay your reſolute handes vpon the ſword of *Brutus*,
Vow & ſweare, as you hope meed for merrit from the Gods
Or feare reward for ſinne, from deuils belowe:
As you are Romans, and eſteeme your fame
More then your liues, all humorous toyes ſet off,
Of madding, ſinging, ſmilings, and what elſe,
Receiue your natiue vallours, be your ſelues,
And ioyne with Brutus in the iuſt reuenge
Of this chaſte rauiſht Lady, ſweare *All.* We doe.
Luc. Then with your humors heere my griefe ends too,
My ſtaine I thus wipe off, call in my ſighes,
and in the hope of this reuenge, forbeare
Euen to my death to fall one paſſionate teare.
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence,
With our beſt thoughts, that you may henceforth know,
We are the ſame in heart we ſeeme in ſhow.
and though I quit my ſoule of all ſuch ſin, *The Lords whiſper*
Ile not debarre my body puniſhment:
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,
To priſe her life leſſe then her honord fame. *Kils her ſelfe*
Lucr. *Lucrece*?
Col. Wife.
Bru. Lady.
See. She hath ſlaine her ſelfe.
Val. Oh ſee yet Lords if there be hope of life.
Bru. Shees dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire
and indignation, let vs now redeeme
Our miſpent time, and ouer take our ſloath
With hoſtile expedition, this great Lords,
This bloody knife, on which her chaſt blood flower,
Shall not from Brutus till ſome ſtrange reuenge fall on the heads of Tarquins.
Hor. Nowe's the time to call their pride to compt,
Brutus leade on, Wede follow thee to their confuſion.
Val. By loue we will, the ſprightfull youth of Rome,
Trickt vp in plumed harneſſe, ſhall attend

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The march of Brutus, whome wee here create our generall a-
gainſt the Tarquins.

See. Bee it ſo.

Bru. We imbrace it: now to ſtir the wrath of Rome,
You, Colla ine and good Lucretius,
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaſte body
Into the market place: that horrid obiect,
Shall kindle them with a moſt iuſt reuenge.

Hor. To ſee the father and the husband mourne
Ore this chaſte dame, that haue ſo well deſeru'd
Of Rome and them, then to inter the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny
Of all the Tarquins, Seruius, Tullius death,
and his vnnaturall vſage by that Monſter (reuenge
Tullia the Queene, all theſe ſhall well concurre in a combind

Bru. *Lucrece*, thy death weele mourne in glittering armes
and plumed caskes: ſome beare that reuerend loade,
Vnto the *forum* where our force ſhall meete
To ſet vppon the pallas, and expell
This viperous broode from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: Scæuola,
Goe you and muſter powers in Brutus name.
Valerius, you aſſiſt him inſtantly, (courſe
and to the mazed people freely ſpeake the cauſe of this con-

Val. We goe. *Exeunt Val. and Scæ.* (les,

Bru. And you deare Lord, whoſe ſpeechles greefis bound-
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage,
The hearts of all the Tarquins ſhall weep blood
Vpon the funerall Hearſe, with whoſe chaſte body,
Honor your armes, and to th'aſſembled people,
Diſcloſe her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords,

A great ſhout and a floriſh with drums and Trumpets.

That vniuerſall ſhout tels me their words
are gratious with the people, and their troopes
are ready imbatteld, and expect but vs,
To leade their troopes, Ioue giue our fortunes ſpeede.
Weele murder, murder, and baſe rape ſhall bleede.

Alarum

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Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, purſude by Brutus, and the Romans marche with drum and Colours, Porſenna, Arunt, Sextus, Tarquin, & Tullia meets and ioyne with them: To them Brutus, and the Romans with drum and ſoldiers: they make a ſtand.

Bru. Euen thus farre Tirant haue we dogd thy ſtepes,
Frighting thy frighted feare with horrid ſteele.
Tar. Lodge in the ſafety of *Porſennacs* armes
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride.
Hora. *Porſenna* thar't vnworthy of a ſcepter,
To ſhelter pride, luſt, rape, and tiranny,
In that proud Prince and his confederate ſonnes.
Sex. Traytors to heauen, to *Tarquin*, Roome and vs,
Treaſon to Kings, doth ſtretch euen to the Gods,
And thoſe high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
ſhall puniſh your rebellion.
Col. Oh Deuil! *Sextus* ſpeake not thou of Gods,
Not caſt thoſe falſe and fained eyes to heauen,
Whoſe rape the furies muſt torment in hel, of *Lucr*: *Lucrece*:
Sce. Her chaſt blood ſtil cries for vengeance to the Etheri-
Lucr. Oh twa's a foule deede *Sextus*, (all deities
Vale. And thy ſhame ſhalbe eternall, and outliue her fame,
Arn. Say *Sextus* lou'd her, was ſhe not a woman,
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,
Muſt you being priuate ſubiects dare to ming
Warres loud alarum gainſt your potent King?
Por. *Brutus* therein thou doſt forget thy ſelfe,
And wrongſt the glory of thine Anceſtors, ſtayning thy bloud with Treaſon.
Brut. *Tuſcan* know the Conſull *Brutus* is their powerfull
Ali Tarquin. Conſull? foe.
Hora. I conſull, and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graſpes his imperiall ſword: the name of King
The tirant Tarquins haue made odious
Vnto this nation: and the generall knee,
Of this our warlik people, now lowe bends
To royall Brutus where the kings name endes.
Bru. Now *Sextus* where's the Oracle, when I kiſt

My

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My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,
My noble vertues should thy sin exceed,
Brutus should sway, & lust-burnt *Tarquin* bleed
Vale. Now shall the blood of *Seruius* fall, as heauy
as a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, orewhelming
all your glory.
Hor. Tullias guilt shall be by vs reuengd, that in her pride,
In blood paternal, her rough coach-wheeles dide.
Lucre, Your Tiranuies,
Ser. Pride, (hate.
Col And my *Lucrece* fate, shall al be swalowd in this hostile
Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles,
In sight of which we stand in thy soft bosome,
Is hangd the nest in which the *Tarquins* build,
Which in the branches of thy lofty spires,
Tarquin shal pearch, or where he once hath stood,
His high built airy shall be drownd in blood,
alarum then, *Brutus* by heauen I vow,
My sword shall proue thou nere wast mad till now.
Bru. *Sextus*, my madnes with your liues expires,
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt vpon that wall,
Thou nere shalt enter, Roome confines you all.
Por. A charge then.
Tar. *Ione* and *Tarquin.*
Hor. but we, cry a *Brutus.*
Bru. *Lucrece*, force and victory.
Alarum, the Romans are beaten of.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, *Horatius, Valerius, Scaeuola, Lucretius, Colatine.*

Bru. Thou *Ioue* still hand hould vp thy scepter high
And let not iustice be opprest with pride,
Oh you Senators leaue not Roome and vs,
Grasped in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*
haue the best.
Hora. Yet stand, my foote is fixt vpon this bridge.
Tyber, thy arched streames shall be changd crimso, with
Roman

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Roman bloud, before I trudge form hence.
Sextus. *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome,
We are all loſt, ſtand not on valor now,
But ſaue thy people, lets ſuruiue this day
To try the fortunes of another field.
Valer. Breake downe the bridge, leſt the purſuing enemy
Enter with vs and take the ſpoile of Rome.
Hor. Then breakt behind me, for by heauen Ile grow,
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leaue this paſſage. *Lucr.* Come you'r mad.
Collat. The foe comes on and we in trifling here hazard our ſelfe and people.
Hor. Saue them all, to make Rome ſtand, *Horatius* here will fall.
Brut We would not loſe thee, do not breſt thy ſelfe
Mongſt thouſands if thou frontſt them thou art wingde,
With million ſwords and darts, and we behind
Muſt breake the bridge of Tiber to ſaue Rome,
Before thee infinits gaſe on thy face,
And menace death, the raging ſtreames of Tiber are at thy backe to ſwallow thee.
Horat. Retire to make Rome liue, tis death that I deſire.
Brut. Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in vs
The vniuerſall arme of potent Rome
Takes his laſt leaue of thee in this embrace. *All embrace him.*
Hor. Farwell. *All.* Farwell.
Brut. Theſe arches all muſt downe to interdict their paſſage the towne. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Perſenna, and Arms, with their pikes and Targetieres.

All Enter, enter, enter. *A noiſe of knocking downe the bridge*
Hor. Soft *Tarquin*, ſee a bulwarke to this bridge. *within.*
You firſt muſt paſſe, the man that enters here
Muſt make his paſſage through *Horatius* breſt,
See with this target do I buckle Rome,
And with this ſword defy the puiſſant army of two great kings.
Perſen. One man to face an hoſt,
Charge ſouldiers of full forty thouſan Romans,
Theres but one daring hand againſt your hoſt,

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To keep you from the ſacke or ſpoile of Rome, charge, charge.
Arruns. Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum* *Alarum.*
Enter in ſeuerall places, Sextus and Valerius aboue.
Sex. Oh cowards, ſlaues, and vaſſals what not enter?
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
Vpon a hill, to be the ſad ſpectator
Of ſuch a generall cowardiſe? *Tarquin, Arruns,*
Porſenna, ſouldiers, paſſe, *Horatius* quickly,
And they behind him will deuolue the bridge
And raging Tyber that's impaſſible,
Your hoſt muſt ſwim before you conquer Rome.
Val. Yet ſtand *Horatius,* beare but one brunt more
The arched brunt ſhall ſinke vpon his piles.
And in his fall lift vp thy realme to heauen
Sext. Yet enter. (hand
Val. Deare *Horatius,* yet ſtand, & ſaue a millio̅ by one powerful
Alarum and the falling of the bridge.
Arruns and all. Charge, charge, charge.
Sex. Degenerate ſlaues, the bridge is falne, Romes loſt.
Valer. *Horatius* thou art ſtronger then their Hoſtes,
Thy ſtrength is vertue, theirs are idle boaſtes.
Now ſaue thy ſelfe and leap into the waues.
Hor. *Porſenna, Tarquin,* now wade paſt your depths,
And enter Rome, I feele my body ſinke
Beneath my pondrous waight, Rome is preſeru'd,
And now farewell: for he that followes me
Muſt ſearch the bottome of this raging ſtreame,
Fame with thy golden wings, renowne my creſt,
And Tiber take me on thy ſiluer breſt. *Exit.*
Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himſelfe.
Sext. You are deceiu'd, his ſpirits ſoares too hie
To be choakt in with the baſe element
Of water, lo he ſwims armd as he was,
Whileſt all the army haue diſcharged their arrowes.
Of which the ſhield vpon his backe ſticke ful.
Shout and flouriſh.
And harke the ſute of all the multitude.
Now welcomes him a land, *Horatius* fame

Hath

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Hath chekt our armies with a generall ſhame,
But come, to morrowes fortune muſt reſtore,
This ſcandall, which I of the Gods implore.
Por. Then we muſt find another time faire prince,
To ſcourge theſe people, and reuenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent
A table and lights in the tent.
Tarq. And we to ours, to morrowe we will renowne
Our army with the ſpoile of a Rich-towne.
Exit Tarquin cum ſuis. Enter Secretarie.
Por. Our ſecretary.
Secret. My Lord.
Por. Command lights and torches in our tents.
Enter ſouldiers with torches.
And let a Guard ingirt our ſafety rownd,
Whileſt we debate of military buſines: come ſit and lets
conſult.
Enter Scenola diſguiſed.
Scen. *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome.
But we ha done nought worthy *Scenola*.
Nor of a Roman, I in this diſguiſe
Haue paſt the army & the puiſſant guard
Of king *Porſenna*, this ſhould be his tent:
And in good time now fate direct my ſtrength
Againſt a king to free great Rome at length.
Secret. Oh I am ſlaine, treaſon, treaſon.
Por. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Secret. Why ſlaine the king.
Por. What king?
Scen. *Porſenna.*
Por. *Porſenna* liues to ſee thee tortured,
With plagues more diuilliſh then the plague of hel.
Scen. Oh too raſh *Mutius*, haſt thou miſt thy aime?
And thou baſe hand that didſt direct my poniard
Againſt a peaſants breſt, behold thy errour
Thus I will puniſh, I will giue thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I weare a limbe,
That with ſuch raſhnes ſhall offend his Lord.

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Por. What wil the madman doe?
Sce. *Porſenna* ſo puniſh my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beſide my ſelfe
Haue vow'd to all the Gods that Patron Rome,
Thy ruine for ſupporting tyrannie;
And though I faile, expect yet euerie houre,
When ſome ſtrange fate thy fortunes wil deuoure.
Por. Stay Roman, we admire thy conſtancie,
And ſcorne of fortune, go returne to Rome,
We giue thee life, and ſay the King *Porſenna*,
Whoſe life thou ſeek'ſt is in this honourable,
Paſſe freely, gard him to the walles of Rome,
And were we not ſo much ingadge to *Tarquin*,
We would not lift a hand againſt that nation that breedes ſuch noble ſpirits. (*Exit.*
Sce. Well I go, and for reuenge take life euen of my foe.
Por. Conduct him ſafely, what 300 Gallants
Sworne to our death, and all reſolu'd like him!
We muſt be prouident, to morrowes fortune
Weele proue for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace ſhalbe made with Rome, but firſt our ſecretary,
Shall haue his due rights of funerall, then our ſhield
We muſt addreſſe next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius marching.

Bru. By thee we are conſul, & ſtil gouerne Rome,
Which but for thee, had bin diſpoild and tane,
Made a confuſed heape of men and ſtones,
Swimming in bloud and ſlaughter, dere *Horatius*
Thy noble picture ſhalbe caru'd in braſſe,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high capitoll.
Hor. Great conſul thankes, but leauing thiſlets march out of the citie,
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.
Vale. This day my ſoule diuines we ſhal liue free
From all the furious *Tarquins*: but wheres *Scenola*? we ſe not him to day. *Enter Scenola.*
Here Lords behold me handleſſe as you ſee,

The

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The cauſe I miſt *Perſenna* in his tent,
And in his ſtead kild but his ſecretary.
The mazed King when he beheld me puniſh
My raſh miſtake, with loſſe of my right hand
Vnbegd and almoſt ſcornd he gaue me life,
Which I had then refuſ'd, but in deſire to venge faire *Lucrece* Rape. (*Soft alarum.*

Hor. Deare *Scenola* thou haſt exceeded vs in our reſolue,
But wil the *Tarquins* giue vs preſent battell?

Scen. That may ye heare, the skirmiſh is begun already twixt the horſe.

Lucre. Then noble conſull leade our main battell on.

Bru. Oh Ioue this day ballance our cauſe, and let the innocēt
Of Rape ſtaind *Lucrece* crowne with death and horror (bloud
The heads of all the *Tarquins*, ſee this day
In her cauſe do we conſecrate our liues,
And in defence of Iuſtice now march on:
I heare their martiall muſique, be our ſhock
As terrible as are the meeting clowdes
That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,
And this rough charge ſhal all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum, battell within.

Enter Perſenna and Aruns.

Perſenna. Yet grow our lofty plumes vnflagd with bloud,
And yet ſweet pleaſure wantons in the aire, how goes the battell *Aruns?*

Aruns. Tis euen ballanct, I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand to hand, a dangerous encounter both are wounded, & had not the rude preaſe diuided vs, one had dropt downe to earth.

Per. Twas brauely fought, I ſaw the King your father free his perſon from thouſand Romans that begirt his ſtate, where flying arrowes thick as atoms hung about his eares.

Aruns. I hope a glorious day, come Tuskan king, lets on thē.

Alarum, enter Horatius and Valerius. (bloud

Hor. Aruns ſtay that ſword that late did drinke the conſuls
Muſt with his keene phangtire vpon my fleſh, or this on thine.

Aruns. It ſparde the conſuls life to end thy daies in a more glorious ſtrife.

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Vale. I ſtand againſt thee *Tuſcan.*
Porſ. I for thee.
Hora. Where ere I find a *Tarquin*, hees for me.
Alarum, Fight, Aruns ſlaine, Porſenna Expulſt.
Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his breſt, Tullia with him, purſude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scenola.
Tar. Faire Tullia leaue me, ſaue thy life by flight,
Since mine is deſperate, behold I am wounded
Euen to the death, there ſtaies within my tent
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,
Liue to reuenge my death ſince I muſt dy.
Tul. Had I the heart to treade vpon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to ſee him ſlaughtered,
Only for loue of *Tarquin* and a crowne,
And ſhall I feare death more then loſſe of both?
No this is *Tullias* fame, rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, mongſt a thouſand ſwords ſheel dy.
All, Hew them to peeces both.
Tar. My *Tullia* ſaue, and ore my caitiue head thoſe meteors waue.
Colla. Let Tullia yeeld then.
Tul. Yeeld me cuckold no mercy, I ſcorne let me the danger kn ow.
Scen. Vpon them then.
Lucr. Lets bring them to their fate,
And let them periſh in the peoples hate.
Tul. Feare not, Ile back thee husband.
Tar. But for thee, ſweet were the hand that this chargd ſoule could free.
Life I diepiſe, let noble *Sextus* ſtand
To auenge our death, euen til theſe vitals end,
Scorning my owne, this life will I defend.
Tul. And Ile ſweete *Tarquin* to my power gard thine,
Come on you ſlaues and make this earth diuine.
Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia ſlaine.
Alarum, Brutus all bloody.
Brut. e*Aruns* this crimſin fauor for thy ſake,
Ile weare vpon my forehead maskt with bloud
Till all the moiſtures in the *Tarquins* veines

Be

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Be ſpilt vpon the earth and leaue thy body
As dry as the parcht ſommer, burnt and ſcorcht with the canicular ſtarres. (his head.

Hora. *Arruns* lies dead by this bright ſword thats here about

Colla. And ſee great conſull, where the pride of Rome lies ſunke and fallen.

Vale. Beſides him lies the queene mangled and hewd amongſt the Roman ſoldiers.

Hora. Lift vp their ſlaughtered bodies, help to reare them againſt this hill in view of all the camp,
This ſight wilbe a terror to the fo, and make them yield or fly.

Brut. But wheres the rauiſher, iniurious *Sextus* that we ſee not him?

Short alarum, Enter Sextus. (ſteedes

Sext. Through broken ſpeares, crackt ſwords, vnboweld Flaude armors, mangled limbes, and battered caskes,
Knee deepe in bloud, I ha pierct the Roman hoſt to be my fathers reſcue. (hate.

Hora. Tis too late, his mounting prid's ſunke in the peoples

Sex. My father, mother, brother, fortune now,
I do defy thee, I expoſe my ſelfe,
To horrid danger, ſaftie I deſpiſe,
I dare the worſt of perill I am bound.
On till this pile of fleſh be all one wound,

Vale. Begirt him Lord, this is the Rauiſher.
Theres no reuenge for *Lucrece* til he fall.

Lu. Ceaſe *Sextus* then.

Sex. *Sextus* defies you all, yet wil you giue me language ere

Brut. Say on. (I die?

Sex. Tis not for mercy, for I ſcorne that life
Thats giuen by any, and the more to ad
To your immenſe vnmeaſurable hate,
I was the ſpur vnto my fathers pride,
Twas I that awde the Princes of the Land,
That made thee *Brutus* mad, theſe diſcontents,
I rauiſht the chaſte *Lucrece*, *Sextus* I,
The daughter and thy wife, *Brutus* thy coſen.
Allide indeed to all, twas for my Rape,

Her

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Her conſtant hand ript vp her innocent breſt, twas *Sextus* did all this.

Collat. Which ile reuenge,

Hor. Leaue that to me.

Lucr. Old as I am ile do't.

Scæuol. I haue one hand yet left, of ſtrength inough to kill a raviſher.

Sex. Come all at once, I all: yet heare me *Brutus*, thou art Honorable.

And my words tend to thee: my father dide
By many hands, whats he mongſt you can challenge
The leaſt I ſmalleſt honor in his death?
If I be kild amongſt this hoſtile throng,
The pooreſt inakie ſouldier well may claime
As much renowne in royall *Sextus* death,
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*.
I am to die, and more then die I cannot,
Rob not your ſelues of Honor in my death.
When the two mightieſt ſpirits of Greece and Troy
Tugde for the maſtrie, *Hector* and *Achilles*,
Had puiſſant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,
Dide in a ſingle monomachie *Achilles*,
Had bene the worthie, but being ſlaine by ods,
The pooreſt *Mermidon* had as much honor
As faint *Achilles* in the Troians death.

Brut. Hadſt thou not done a deed ſo execrable,
That Gods and men abhorre, ide loue thee *Sextus*,
And hugge thee for this chalēge breath'd ſo freely:
Behold, I ſtand for Rome as Generall,
Thou of the *Tarquins* doſt alone ſuruiue,
The head of all theſe garboyles the chiefe actor
Of that blacke ſinne which we chaſtiſe by armes.
Braue Romans with your bright ſwords be our liſts
And ring vs in, none dare to offend the Prince
By the leaſt touch leſt he incurre our wrath:
This honor do your Conſull, that his hand
may puniſh this arch miſchiefe, that the times
Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,

By

By him pride, luſt, and all the Tarquins fell.
Sext. To rauiſh *Lucrece* cuckold *Collatine*:
And ſpill the chaſeſt bloud that euer ran,
In any matrons vaines, repents me not
So much as to ha wrong'd a gentleman
So noble as the Conſul in this ſtriſe,
Brutus be bold, thou fightſt with one ſcornes life.
Brut. And thou with one that leſſe then his renowne
Priſeth his bloud or Romes imperiall crowne
Alarum, a fierce fight with ſword & target, then after paule and breath.
Brut. *Sextus* ſtand faire, much honour ſhall I winne
To reuenge *Lucrece*, and chaſtiſe thy ſin.
Sext. I repent nothing, may I liue or die,
Though my bloud fall, my ſpirit ſhall mount on hie.
Alarum, fight with ſingle ſwords, and being deadlie wounded & panting for breath making a ſtroke at each together with their gantlets they fall.
Hor. Both ſlaine: oh noble *Brutus* this thy fame
To after ages ſhall ſurviue, thy body
Shall haue a faire & gorgious Sepulchre:
For whom the matrons ſhall in funeral black
Mourne twelue ſad moones, thou that firſt gouern'd Rome,
And ſwaid the people by a conſuls name.
Theſe bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*
Shall ſucceed *Brutus*, in the conſuls place.
Whom with this Lawrel wreath we here relate
Crowne him with a lawrel.
Such is the peoples voice, accept it then.
Col. We do, and may our power ſo iuſt appeare
Rome may haue peace, both with our loue & feare.
But ſoft, what march is this?
Flouriſh *Porſenua, drum, Collatine and Souldiers.*
Por. The *Thuſkan* king, ſeeing the *Tarquins* ſlaine,
Thus arm'd and battelled offers peace to Rome.
To confirme which, we'le giue you preſent hoſtage,
If you deny, we'le ſtand vpon our guard,

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And by the force of armes, maintaine our owne
Val. After ſo much effuſion and large waſt
Of Roman bloud the name of peace is welcome,
Since of the *Tarquins* none remaine in Rome.
And *Lucrece* rape is now reueng'd at full.
T were good to entertaine *Porſennaes* league.
Col. Porſenna we embrace whoſe royall preſence.
Shall grace the Conſull to the funerall pile.
March on to Rome, Ioue be our guard and guide,
That hath in vs veng'd Rape and puniſht pride.

Exeunt.

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The rape of Lucrece.

To the Reader.

Becauſe we would not that any mans expectation ſhould be deceiued in the ample printing of this booke. Lo (Gentle Reader) we haue inſerted theſe few ſongs, which were added by the ſtranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part in forme following.

The Cries of Rome.

Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
Firſt they go vp ſtreet and then they go downe.
Round and ſound all of a collor,
Buy a very fine marking ſtone, marking ſtone,
Round and ſound all of a colour,
Buy a very fine marking ſtone a very very fine.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
Firſt they go vp ſtreet and then they go downe.
Bread and——meat——bread——and meat
For the——ten——der——mercy of God to the
poore priſ——ners of Newgate, foure
ſcore and ten——poore——priſoners.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
Firſt they go vp ſtreet and then they go downe.
Salt——ſalt——white ouer——ſter ſhire ſalt,
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
Firſt they go vp ſtreet and then they go downe.
Buy a very fine mouſe trap or a tormenter
For your fleaes.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
Firſt they go vp ſtreet and then they go downe.
Kitchinſtuffe maides,
Thus go the cries, &c.
Ha you any wood to cleaue.
Thus go the cries, &c.
I ha white radiſh, white
Hardletice, white yong onyons.
Thus go the cries, &c.
I ha rocke Sampier rocke Sampier.
Thus go the cries, &c.

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The rape of Lucrece.

Buy a mat a mil mat,
Mat, a basocke for your pew,
A stoole for a close stoole,
Or a pesock to thrust your feete in.
Thus goe the cries, &c.
Whiting maides whiting.
Thus go the cries, &c.
Hot fine Oatcakes hot,
Thus go the cries, &c.
Small coales here.
Thus go the cries, &c.
Will you buy any milke to day.
Thus go the cries, &c.
Lanthorne and candle light here
Maid, ha light here.
Thus go the cries, &c.
Here lies a company of very poore
Women, in the darke dungeon,
Hungry cold and comfortlesse night and day.
Pitie the poore women in the darke dungeon.
Thus goes the cries where they do house them,
First they come to the grace, and then
They go to louse them.

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The rape of Lucrece.

The ſecond Song.

Ariſe, ariſe, my Iuggie my Puggie,
ariſe get vp my deere,
The weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh let me be lodged heere.
My Iuggie my Puggie, my honnie, my connie,
my lone my done my deere,
Oh, oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh oh let me be lodged heere.

Begone, begone my willie my billie,
begone, begone my deere,
The weather is warme, 'twill doo thee no harme,
thou canſt not be lodged heere.
My willie, my billie, my honie my conie,
my lone, my done my deere,
Oh, oh the weather is warme, 'twill doo thee no harme,
oh oh thou canſt not be lodged heere.

Farewell, farewell my Iuggie, my Puggie,
farewell, farewell my deere,
Then will I begone from whẽce that I came
if I cannot be lodged heere.
My Iuggie, my Puggie, my honie my conie,
my loue my done my deere,
Oh, oh then will I begone, from whence that I came,
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged heere.

Returne, returne my willie, my billie,
returne my done and my deere,
The weather does change, then ſeem not ſtrange,
thou ſhalt be lodged heere.
My willie my billie, my honnie, my connie,
my lone, my done my deere,
Oh, oh the weather does change, then ſeeme not ſtrange,
oh oh, and thou ſhalt be lodged heere.

FIFIS.

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